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THE  
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

BY  
SIR WALTER SCOTT

With Introduction and Notes,  
BY  
JAMES MORISON.  
WITH A MAP OF THE DISTRICT.



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## INTRODUCTION.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. His father was a Writer to the Signet, or solicitor, in Edinburgh, and resolved to educate his son for the legal profession. Early in life he was rendered lame by an attack of fever, and was sent to recruit his health at the farm of his grandfather, at Sandyknowe, in Roxburghshire, where he got his first knowledge of Border scenery and tradition. His regular education was carried on, first, at the High School of Edinburgh, and then at the University, which he entered in 1783. In 1792 he was called to the bar in his native city, and continued to practise as advocate till 1799, when he obtained the office of Sheriff of Selkirkshire. His employments during this period were not exclusively legal. A translation of some romantic ballads of the German poet Bürger was followed in 1798 by the publication of a translation of Goethe's *Goetz with the Iron Hand*, a drama of Middle-Age chivalry. At this period his original pieces were chiefly ballads, some of which obtained places in his later works. His marriage with Miss Charpentier took place in 1797. From this time forward, the period of Scott's literary activity begins. His first great undertaking was the collecting and editing of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1803), during which time also he began to write the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which was published in 1805, and became at once exceedingly popular. This poem was followed by *Marmion* (1808), the *Lady of the Lake* (1810), a poem which



disclosed the beauties of the Scottish Highlands to the world, the *Vision of Don Roderick* (1811), *Rokeby* (1812), and the *Lord of the Isles* (1815). The *Bridal of Triermain* (1813), and *Harold the Dauntless* (1817), were published anonymously. But this does not include all the work performed by Scott during these years. He was engaged in editing the works of Dryden and Swift, and wrote articles for the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, the latter of which he himself founded. About 1805 began his connection with the publishing house of Ballantyne. Till the time of the bankruptcy of this firm, Scott's interest in it was unknown to the public.

The poems which are at the end of the list given above show an undeniable falling off in power, when compared with those that go before. Scott himself was the first to see this, and wisely resolved to direct his energies into another channel. His income received a steady and considerable increase by his appointment, in 1812, as one of the clerks of the Court of Session. The new literary form which Scott had begun to cultivate was the novel, which had fallen into neglect, in its higher forms, at least, till that time. In 1814 he wrote, and in 1815 he published, *Waverley*, which gave its name to the succeeding members of the series. In the eleven years from 1815 to 1826, Scott's industry was enormous. During that period he wrote no fewer than eighteen novels. Their popularity was immense, and, with the profits he obtained, he bought the estate of Abbotsford, and began to build a house upon it. It was not, however, till 1827 that he acknowledged himself to be the author of the *Waverley Novels*. Before this, in the year 1820, he had received the honour of baronetcy, in recognition of the value of his contributions to the literature of his country. Since the year 1805, Scott had been a partner in the firm of Ballantyne, which, in consequence of financial mismanagement, failed in the beginning of the year 1826. The extent to which Scott became liable was nearly £150,000. This he undertook to

clear off by his pen ; and 1826 saw the publication of *Woodstock*, the first fruit of his new effort. Other works written after this are his *Life of Napoleon*, the *Tales of a Grandfather*, a *History of Scotland*, and *Anne of Geierstein*, etc. The gigantic task he had undertaken, and all but finished, soon produced disastrous effects. In 1830 he was attacked by paralysis, and the last two novels of the *Waverley* series—*Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous*—show but little of the power of the author of *Waverley*. A Government frigate was, in September 1831, placed at his disposal, and he sailed to the Mediterranean. He reached Naples, but went no farther ; his mind gave way completely, and he implored to be taken back to Scotland to die. In July 1832 he returned to Abbotsford, where he died on the 21st September, and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

In studying the work of any great author, it is always instructive to trace, when possible, the various elements which enter into its composition, and the antecedent conditions in the author's life which gave its peculiar shape. Happily in the case of the works of Sir Walter Scott we are able to do this with great completeness, and much that would else appear strange and perhaps affected, finds its fullest explanation, if not justification. The critical term of art usually applied to Scott's poetry is the well-known phrase *Romantic*. In the last generation of the eighteenth century a new spirit had revived poetry in all the countries of Europe. It began in a revolt against the hitherto established forms of expression, which it was felt had lost their power, and could no longer express genuine passion or feeling. Poetry, in short, was tacitly held to be only a more artificial, and, on that account, not so faithful a means of conveying emotion than prose. But two things came to quicken that which was in danger of perishing, first, a newly-born feeling for Nature, not conditioned by the subservience of her forms to man's uses, or dependence on his helping hand, but solely by their own native grandeur or beauty. The prime force

in England in this direction is Wordsworth. The second, and in relation to Scott's poetry, the more characteristic new element was the more loving and sympathetic manner of dealing with ancient times and manners. Poetry is of course here as elsewhere the most ready and trusty guide for such more thorough knowledge, and accordingly we find that one of the first books whose contents were assimilated by Scott was Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, a collection in which the popular ballad takes the first place. In more mature years, wanderings through the Border counties made him familiar with the still living traditions of the land, and enabled him to collect the materials for the volumes of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which he published in 1803. The bent of his mind towards antiquarian researches is also exemplified by the fact that in the next year he edited and published a romance of the thirteenth century, ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer, and entitled *Sir Tristrem*. The idea of writing a substantially original poem on the manners and superstitions of the Borderers did not present itself at once in full completeness to Scott's mind. His original intention was to write a ballad on the story of the elfin page, Gilpin Horner. He then gradually extended his plan, and at last conceived the felicitous idea of putting his restoration of an ancient metrical romance into the mouth of one of the last of the Minstrels. By this device the feeling of artificiality which might else impress the reader disagreeably, is softened and excused, and a natural division for the poem is obtained. To the work of one contemporary poet Scott was indebted for the lightness and ease with which he manages the verse he chose. This is the fragmentary *Christabel* of S. T. Coleridge, written in 1797, and known to Scott, although not published till after the *Lay*.

*Sam Krishna Varthachari,*  
*1st year class.*  
*1879.*

## THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

### INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
The Minstrel was infirm and old;  
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,  
Seemed to have known a better day;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy, 5  
Was carried by an orphan-boy.  
The last of all the bards was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry;  
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead; 10  
And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them, and at rest.  
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
He carolled, light as lark at morn;  
No longer courted and caressed, 15  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured to lord and lady gay  
The unpremeditated lay:  
Old times were changed, old manners gone,  
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne; 20  
The bigots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,  
He begged his bread from door to door;  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear, 25  
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower  
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower;  
 The Minstrel gazed with wistful eye—  
 No humbler resting-place was nigh. 30  
 With hesitating step, at last,  
 Th' embattled portal-arch he passed,  
 Whose ponderous grate and massy bar  
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,  
 But never closed the iron door —  
 Against the desolate and poor. 35  
 The Duchess marked his weary pace,  
 His timid mien and reverend face,  
 And bade her page the mentals tell,  
 That they should tend the old man well: 40  
 For she had known adversity,  
 Though born in such a high degree;  
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied, 45  
 And the old man was gratified,  
 Began to rise his minstrel pride:  
 And he began to talk anon,  
 Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,  
 And of Earl Walter, rest him God; 50  
 A braver ne'er to battle rode:  
 And how full many a tale he knew  
 Of the old warriors of Buccleuch;  
 And would the noble Duchess deign  
 To listen to an old man's strain, — — 55  
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak  
 He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,  
 That, if she loved the harp to hear,  
 He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained; 60  
 The aged Minstrel audience gained.  
 But, when he reached the room of state,  
 Where she with all her ladies sate,  
 Perchance he wished his boon denied;  
 For, when to tune his harp he tried, 65  
 His trembling hand had lost the ease  
 Which marks security to please;  
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,

Came 'wildering o'er his aged brain—  
 He tried to tune his harp in vain. ————— 70  
 The pitying Duchess praised its chime,  
 And gave him heart, and gave him time,  
 Till every 'string's according glee  
 Was blended into harmony.  
 And then, he said, he would full fain 75  
 He could recall an ancient strain,  
 He never thought to sing again.  
 It was not framed for village churls,  
 But for high dames and mighty earls;  
 He had played it to King Charles the Good, 80  
 When he kept Court in Holyrood:  
 And much he wished, yet feared, to try  
 The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,  
 And an uncertain warbling made, ——— 85  
 And oft he shook his hoary head.  
 But when he caught the measure wild,  
 The old man raised his face, and smiled;  
 And lightened up his faded eye,  
 With all a poet's ecstasy! ——— 90  
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
 He swept the sounding chords along:  
 The present scene, the future lot—  
 His toils, his wants—were all forgot:  
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost, ——— 95  
 In the full tide of song were lost;  
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,  
 The poet's glowing thought supplied;  
 And while his heart responsive rung,  
 'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung, ——— 100

## CANTO FIRST.

THE feast was over in Branksome Tower,  
 And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower; *man*  
 Her bower, that was guarded by word and by spell,  
 Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—  
 Jesu Maria, shield us well! ————— 5  
 No living wight, save the Ladye alone,  
 Had dared to cross the threshold stone. *would have*

## II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;  
 Knight, and page, and household squire,  
 Loiter'd through the lofty hall, ————— 10  
 Or crowded round the ample fire.  
 The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,  
 Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,  
 And urged, in dreams, the forest race, *persuaded*  
 From Teviot Stone to Eskdale Moor. ————— 15

## III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame  
 Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;  
 Nine-and-twenty squires of name  
 Brought them their steeds from bower to stall;  
 Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall ————— 20  
 Waited, duteous, on them all:  
 They were all knights of mettle true,  
 Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

## IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,  
 With belted sword, and spur on heel: ————— 25

They quitted not their harness bright,  
Neither by day, nor yet by night:  
    They lay down to rest  
    With corslet laced,  
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard; 30  
    They carved at the meal  
    With gloves of steel,  
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

**y.**

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,  
Waited the beck of the warders ten;  
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,  
Stood saddled in stable day and night,  
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,  
And with Jedwood axe at saddle-bow;  
A hundred more fed free in stall:—  
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

## VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?  
 Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night?  
 They watch, to hear the bloodhound baying:  
 They watch, to hear the war-horn braying—  
 To see St George's red-cross streaming—  
 To see the midnight beacon gleaming;  
 They watch, against Southern force and guile,  
 Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,  
 Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,  
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

## VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall—  
 Many a valiant knight is here;  
 But he, the Chieftain of them all,  
 His sword hangs rusting on the wall, —  
 Beside his broken spear. 35  
 Bards long shall tell  
 How Lord Walter fell!  
 When startled burghers fled, afar,  
 The furies of the Border war; 60



When the streets of high Dunedin  
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,  
And heard the slogan's deadly yell—  
Then the chief of Branksome fell.

## VIII.

Can piety the discord heal, ————— 65  
Or stanch the death-feud's enmity?  
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,  
Can love of blessed charity?  
No ! vainly to each holy shrine,  
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew ; — 70  
Implored, in vain, the grace divine,  
For chiefs their own red falchions slew ;  
While Cessford owns the rule of Car,  
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,  
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar, — 75  
The havoc of the feudal war,  
Shall never, never be forgot !

## IX.

In sorrow, o'er Lord Walter's bier,  
The warlike foresters had bent ;  
And many a flower, and many a tear, ————— 80  
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent :  
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier  
The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear !  
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,  
Had locked the source of softer woe ; — 85  
And burning pride, and high disdain,  
Forbade the rising tear to flow,  
Until, amidst his sorrowing clan,  
Her son lisped from the nurse's knee—  
'And if I live to be a man, ————— 90  
My father's death revenged shall be !'  
Then fast the mother's tears did seek  
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

## X.

All loose her negligent attire,  
All loose her golden hair, — 95

Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,  
 And wept in wild despair.  
 But not alone the bitter tear  
 Had filial grief supplied;  
 For hopeless love and anxious fear — 100  
 Had lent their mingled tide:  
 Nor in her mother's alter'd eye  
 Dared she to look for sympathy.  
 Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,  
 With Car in arms had stood, — 105  
 When Mathouse Burn to Melrose ran,  
 All purple with their blood.  
 And well she knew, her mother dread,  
 Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,  
 Would see her on her dying bed. — 110

## XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came:  
 Her father was a clerk of fame,  
 Of Bethune's line of Picardie:  
 He learn'd the art that none may name,  
 In Padua, far beyond the sea. — 115  
 Men said he changed his mortal frame  
 By feat of magic mystery;  
 For when in studious mood he paced  
 St Andrew's cloister'd hall,  
 His form no darkening shadow traced — 120  
 Upon the sunny wall!

## XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,  
 He taught that Ladye fair,  
 Till to her bidding she could bow  
 The viewless forms of air. — 125  
 And now she sits in secret bower,  
 In old Lord David's western tower,  
 And listens to a heavy sound,  
 That moans the mossy turrets round.  
 Is it the roar of Teviot's tide, — 130  
 That chafes against the scaur's red side?  
 Is it the wind that swings the oaks?  
 Is it the echo from the rocks?  
 What may it be, the heavy sound,  
 That moans old Branksome's turrets round? — 135

## XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,  
 The ban-dogs bay and howl,  
 And from the turrets round  
 Loud whoops the startled owl.  
 In the hall both squire and knight 140  
 Swore that a storm was near,  
 And looked forth to view the night,  
 But the night was still and clear!

## XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,  
 Chafing with the mountain's side, - 145  
 From the groan of the wind-swung oak,  
 From the sullen echo of the rock,  
 From the voice of the coming storm,  
 The Ladye knew it well.  
 It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke, - 150  
 And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

## XV.

## RIVER SPIRIT.

Sleepest thou, brother?'

## MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

'Brother, nay;  
 On my hill the moonbeams play—  
 From Craik Cross to Skelfhill Pen,  
 By every rill, in every glen, 155  
 Merry elves their morrice pacing,  
 To aërial minstrelsy,  
 Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,  
 Trip it deft and merrily.  
 Up, and mark their nimble feet! 160  
 Up, and list their music sweet!'

## XVI.

## RIVER SPIRIT.

'Tears of an imprisoned Maiden  
 Mix with my polluted stream;

Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,

Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam

165

Tell me, thou who viewest the stars,

When shall cease these feudal jars?

What shall be the maiden's fate?

Who shall be the maiden's mate?

## XVII.

## MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

'Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,

-170

In utter darkness round the pole;

The Northern Bear ~~lowers black and grim;~~

Orion's studded belt is dim;

Twinkling faint, and distant far,

Shimmers through mist each planet star;

175

Ill may I read their high decree:

But no kind influence deign they shower

On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,

Till pride be quelled, and love be free.'

## XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast, ~

180

And the heavy sound was still,

It died on the river's breast,

It died on the side of the hill.

But round Lord David's tower

The sound still floated near; -

185

For it rung in the Ladye's bower,

And it rung in the Ladye's ear.

She raised her stately head,

And her heart throbbed high with pride:

'Your mountains shall bend,

190

And your streams ascend,

Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!'

## XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,

Where many a bold retainer lay.

And, with jocund din, among them all,-

-195

Her son pursued his infant play.

A fancied moss trooper, the boy

The truncheon of a spear bestrode,

And round the hall, right merrily,  
 In mimic foray rede. 200  
 Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,  
 Share in his frolic gambols bore,  
 Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,  
 Were stubborn as the steel they wore.  
 For the gray warriors prophesied, 205  
 How the brave boy, in future war,  
 Should tame the Unicorn's pride,  
 Exalt the Crescent and the Star.

## XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high  
 One moment, and no more; 210  
 One moment gazed with a mother's eye  
 As she paused at the arched door;  
 Then, from amid the armed train,  
 She called to her William of Deloraine.

## XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scot was he 215  
 As e'er couched Border lance by knee:  
 Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,  
 Blindfold, he knew the path to cross:  
 By wily turns, by desperate bounds,  
 Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds; 220  
 In Esk, or Liddell, fords were none,  
 But he would ride them, one by one;  
 Alike to him was time or tide,  
 December's snow, or July's pride:  
 Alike to him was tide or time, 225  
 Moonless midnight, or matin prime:  
 Steady of heart, and stout of hand,  
 As ever drove prey from Cumberland;  
 Five times outlawed had he been,  
 By England's King, and Scotland's Queen. 230

## XXII.

\* Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,  
 Mount thee on the wightest steed;  
 Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,  
 Until thou come to fair Tweedside;

And in Melrose's holy pile \_\_\_\_\_ 235  
 Seek thou the monk of St Mary's aisle.  
 Greet the Father well from me;  
 Say, that the fated hour is come.  
 And to-night he shall watch with thee,  
 To win the treasure of the tomb: \_\_\_\_\_ 240  
 For this will be St Michael's night,  
 And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright;  
 And the Cross, of bloody red,  
 Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

## XXIII.

'What he gives thee, see thou keep; \_\_\_\_\_ 245  
 Stay not thou for food or sleep:  
 Be it scroll, or be it book,  
 Into it, knight, thou must not look;  
 If thou readest, thou art lorn! *lost*  
 Better had'st thou ne'er been horn.' \_\_\_\_\_ 250

## XXIV.

'O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed, *go*  
 Which drinks of the Teviot clear;  
 Ere break of day,' the warrior 'gan say,  
 'Again will I be here:  
 And safer by none may thy errand be done, \_\_\_\_\_ 255  
 Than, noble dame, by me;  
 Letter nor line know I never a one,  
 Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee.'

## XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,  
 And soon the steep descent he past, \_\_\_\_\_ 260  
 Soon crossed the sounding barbican,  
 And soon the Teviot side he won.  
 Eastward the wooded path he rode;  
 Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;  
 He passed the Peel of Goldiland, \_\_\_\_\_ 265  
 And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand;  
 Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound,  
 Where Druid shades still flitted round: *spirits*  
 In Hawick twinkled many a light;  
 Behind him soon they set in night; \_\_\_\_\_ 270

And soon he spurred his courser keen  
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

## XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark :—  
'Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark.'  
'For Branksome, ho!' the knight rejoined, ————— 275  
And left the friendly tower behind.

He turned him now from Teviotside,  
And, guided by the tinkling rill,  
Northward the dark ascent did ride,  
And gained the moor at Horseliehill; ————— 280  
Broad on the left before him lay,  
For many a mile, the Roman way.

## XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,  
A moment breathed his panting steed;  
Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band, ————— 285  
And loosened in his sheath his brand.  
On Minto Crag the moonbeam's glint,  
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint;  
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest,  
Where falcons hang their giddy nest, ————— 290  
'Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye  
For many a league his prey could spy;  
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,  
The terrors of the robber's horn;  
Cliffs, which, for many a later year, ————— 295  
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,  
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,  
Ambition is no cure for love.

## XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence past Deloraine  
To ancient Riddel's fair domain, ————— 300  
Where Aill, from mountains freed,  
Down from the lakes did raving come:  
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,  
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.  
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad, ————— 305  
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

## XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,  
 And the water broke over the saddle-bow;  
 Above the foaming tide, I ween,  
 Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;  
 For he was barded from counter to tail,  
 And the rider was armed complete in mail;  
 Never heavier man and horse  
 Stemmed a midnight torrent's force.  
 The warrior's very plume, I say, ————— 315  
 Was daggled by the dashing spray;  
 Yet, through good heart, and Our Lady's grace,  
 At length he gained the landing place.

## XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won.  
 And sternly shook his plumed head, ————— 320  
 As glanced his eye on Halidon;  
 For on his soul the slaughter red  
 Of that unhallowed morn arose,  
 When first the Scott and Car were foes.  
 When royal James beheld the fray, ————— 325  
 Prize to the victor of the day;  
 When Home, and Douglas, in the van  
 Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,  
 Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear  
 Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear ————— 330

## XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,  
 And soon the hated heath was past;  
 And far beneath, in lustre wan,  
 Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran:  
 Like some tall rock, with lichens gray, ————— 335  
 Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye  
 When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,  
 Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung  
 The sound upon the fitful gale  
 In solemn wise did rise and fall, ————— 340  
 Like that wild harp, whose magic tone  
 Is wakened by the winds alone.



But when Melrose he reached, 'twas silence all;  
 He meetly stabled his steed in stall,  
 And sought the convent's lonely wall.

345

Here paused the harp; and with its swell  
 The Master's fire and courage fell:  
 Dejectedly, and low, he bowed,  
 And, gazing timid on the crowd,  
 He seemed to seek in every eye—  
 If they approved his minstrelsy;  
 And, diffident of present praise,  
 Somewhat he spoke of former days,  
 And how old age, and wandering long,  
 Had done his harp and hand some wrong.  
 The Duchess, and her daughters fair,  
 And every gentle ladye there,  
 Each after each, in due degree,  
 Gave praises to his melody;  
 His hand was true, his voice was clear,  
 And much they longed the rest to hear.  
 Encouraged thus, the aged man,  
 After meet rest, again began.

350

355

360

## CANTO SECOND.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
 For the gay beams of lightsome day  
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
 When the broken arches are black in night, 5  
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white;  
 When the cold light's uncertain shower  
 Streams on the ruined central tower;  
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory; 10  
 When silver edges the imagery,  
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;  
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
 Then go—but go alone the while—  
 Then view St David's ruined pile;  
 And, home returning, soothly swear,  
 Was never scene so sad and fair!

## II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there;  
 Little recked he of the scene so fair, — 20  
 With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,  
 He struck full loud, and struck full long.  
 The porter hurried to the gate—  
 'Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?  
 'From Branksome I, the warrior cried; — 25  
 And straight the wicket opened wide:  
 For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle stood  
 To fence the rights of fair Melrose;  
 And lands and living, many a rood,  
 Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.— 30

## III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;  
 The porter bent his humble head;  
 With torch in hand, and feet unshod,  
 And noiseless step, the path he trod;  
 The arched cloisters, far and wide, — 35  
 Rang to the warrior's clanking stride;  
 Till, stooping low his lofty crest,  
 He entered the cell of the ancient priest,  
 And lifted his barred aventail,  
 To hail the monk of St Mary's aisle. — 40

## IV.

'The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;  
 Says, that the fated hour is come,  
 And that to-night I shall watch with thee,  
 To win the treasure of the tomb.'  
 From sackcloth couch the monk arose, — 45  
 With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;  
 A hundred years had flung their snows  
 On his thin locks and floating beard.

## V.

And strangely on the Knight looked he,  
 And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide, — 50  
 'And, dar'st thou, Warrior! seek to see  
 What heaven and hell alike would hide?  
 My breast, in belt of iron bent,  
 With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;  
 For threescore years, in penance spent, — 55  
 My knees those flinty stones have worn;  
 Yet all too little to atone  
 For knowing what should ne'er be known.  
 Would'st thou thy ev'ry future year  
 In ceaseless prayer and penance drie, — 60  
 Yet wait thy latter end with fear—  
 Then, daring warrior, follow me!'

## VI.

'Penance, father, will I none;  
 Prayer know I hardly one;

For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry, ————— 65  
Save to patter an Ave Mary,  
When I ride on a Border foray;  
Other prayer can I none;  
So speed me my errand, and let me begone.

## VII.

Again on the Knight looked the Churchman old, ————— 70  
And again he sighed heavily;  
For he had himself been a warrior bold,  
And fought in Spain and Italy.  
And he thought on the days that were long since by,  
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was high; — 75  
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,  
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;  
The pillared arches were over their head,  
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

## VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flow'rets bright, ————— 80  
Glistened with the dew of night;  
Nor herb nor flow'ret glistened there,  
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.  
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,  
Then into the night he looked forth; ————— 85  
And red and bright the streamers light  
Were dancing in the glowing north.  
So had he seen, in fair Castile,  
The youth in glittering squadrons start,  
Sudden the flying jennet wheel, ————— 90  
And hurl the unexpected dart.  
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,  
That spirits were riding the northern light.

## IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door,  
They entered now the chancel tall; ————— 95  
The darkened roof rose high aloof  
On pillars, lofty, and light, and small;  
The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,  
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;

The corbells were carved grotesque and grim; ————— 100  
 And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,  
 With base and with capital flourished around,  
 Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

## X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,  
 Shook to the cold night wind of heaven. ————— 105  
 Around the screened altars pale;  
 And there the dying lamps did burn,  
 Before thy low and lonely urn,  
 O gallant chief of Otterburne,  
 And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale! ————— 110  
 O fading honours of the dead!  
 O high ambition, lowly laid!

## XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone,  
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
 By foliated tracery combined; ————— 115  
 Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand  
 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,  
 In many a freakish knot, had twined;  
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
 And changed the willow-wreaths to stone. ————— 120  
 The silver light, so pale and faint,  
 Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,  
 Whose image on the glass was dyed:  
 Full in the midst, his Cross of Red  
 Triumphant Michael brandished, ————— 125  
 And trampled the Apostate's pride.  
 The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,  
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

## XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,  
 A Scottish monarch slept below; ————— 130  
 Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone:  
 'I was not always a man of woe;  
 For Paynim countries I have trod,  
 And fought beneath the Cross of God:  
 Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear, ————— 135  
 And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear

## XIII.

'In these fair ~~climes~~ it was my lot  
To meet with ~~valorous~~ Michael Scott,

A Wizard of such dreaded fame,  
That when in Salamanca's cave

140

Him listed his magic wand to wave,  
The bells would ring in Notre Dame.

Some of his skill he taught to me;

And, Warrior, I could say to thee *what*

The words that cleft Eildon hills in three, —

145

And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone!

But to speak them were a deadly sin, *would be*

And for having but thought them my heart within,

A treble penance must be done.

## XIV.

'When Michael lay on his dying bed

150

His conscience was awakened;

He bethought him of his sinful deed,

And he gave me a sign to come with speed.

I was in Spain when the morning rose,

But I stood by his bed ere evening close.

155

The words may not again be said

That he spoke to me on death-bed laid;

They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,

And pile it in heaps above his grave.

## XV.

'I swore to bury his Mighty Book,

160

That never mortal might therein look;

And never to tell where it was hid,

Save at his Chief of Branksome's need;

And when that need was past and o'er,

Again the volume to restore.

I buried him on St Michael's night,

When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright;

And I dug his chamber among the dead,

When the floor of the chancel was stained red,

That his patron's cross might over him wave,

170

And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

## XVI.

'It was a night of woe and dread  
 When Michael in the tomb I laid,  
 Strange sounds along the chancel past,  
 The banners waved without a blast. 175  
 Still spoke the Monk when the bell tolled ONE!  
 I tell you that a braver man  
 Than William of Deloraine, good at need,  
 Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed;  
 Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread, 180  
 And his hair did bristle upon his head.

## XVII.

'Lo, Warrior! now the Cross of Red  
 Points to the grave of the mighty dead;  
 Within it burns a wondrous light  
 To chase the spirits that love the night; 185  
 That lamp shall burn unquenchably  
 Until the eternal doom shall be.  
 Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone  
 Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:  
 He pointed to a secret nook— 190  
 An iron bar the Warrior took;  
 And the Monk made a sign with his withered hand,  
 The grave's huge portal to expand.

## XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went—  
 His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent; 195  
 With bar of iron heaved amain,  
 Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.  
 It was by dint of passing strength  
 That he moved the massy stone at length.  
 I would you had been there, to see 200  
 How the light broke forth so gloriously—  
 Streamed upwards to the chancel roof!  
 And through the galleries far aloof!  
 No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright,  
 It shone like heaven's own blessed light;  
 And issuing from the tomb,  
 Showed the Monk's cowl and visage pale,  
 Danced on the dark-browed Warrior's mail,  
 And kissed his waving plume.

## XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay ————— 210

As if he had not been dead a day.

His hoary beard in silver rolled,

He seemed some seventy winters old.

A palmer's amice wrapped him round,

With a wrought Spanish baldric bound, ————— 215

Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea.

His left hand held his Book of Might—

A silver cross was in his right:

The lamp was placed beside his knee.

High and majestic was his look, ————— 220

At which the fellest fiends had shook,

And all unruffled was his face;

They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

## XX.

Often had William of Deloraine

Rode through the battle's bloody plain, ————— 225

And trampled down the warriors slain,

And neither known remorse nor awe; *rely*

Yet now remorse and awe he owned;

His breath came thick, his head swam round,

When this strange scene of death he saw. ————— 230

Bewildered and unnerved he stood,

And the priest prayed fervently and loud;

With eyes averted prayed he—

He might not endure the sight to see,

Of the man he had loved so brotherly. ————— 235

## XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,

Thus unto Deloraine he said:

'Now speed thee what thou hast to do,

Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue;

For those thou mayest not look upon ————— 240

Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!'

Then Deloraine in terror took

From the cold hand the Mighty Book,

With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound:

He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned; ————— 245

But the glare of the sepulchral light

Perchance had dazzled the Warrior's sight.



## XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,  
 The night returned in double gloom;  
 For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few;—250  
 And as the Knight and Priest withdrew,  
 With wavering steps and dizzy brain,  
 They hardly might the postern gain.  
 'Tis said, as through the aisles they passed,  
 They heard strange noises on the blast:—255  
 And through the cloister-galleries small,  
 Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,  
 Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,  
 And voices unlike the voice of man;  
 As if the fiends kept holiday. —260  
 Because these spells were brought to day.  
 I cannot tell how the truth may be;  
 I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

## XXIII.

'Now, hie thee hence,' the Father said,  
 'And when we are on death-bed laid,  
 O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St John,  
 Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!' —265  
 The Monk returned him to his cell,  
 And many a prayer and penance sped;  
 When the convent met at the noon-tide bell—270  
 The Monk of St Mary's aisle was dead!  
 Before the cross was the body laid,  
 With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

## XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,  
 And strove his hardihood to find; —275  
 He was glad when he passed the tombstones gray,  
 Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;  
 For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,  
 Felt like a load upon his breast;  
 And his joints, with nerves of iron twined, —280  
 Shook like the aspen leaves in wind.  
 Full fain was he when the dawn of day  
 Began to brighten Cheviot gray;  
 He joyed to see the cheerful light,  
 And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might —285

## XXV.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,  
 The sun had brightened the Carter's side;  
 And soon beneath the rising day  
 Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.  
 The wild birds told their warbling tale, ~~Ray~~ 290  
 And wakened every flower that blows;  
 And peeped forth the violet pale;  
 And spread her breast the mountain rose;  
 And lovelier than the rose so red,  
 Yet paler than the violet pale, 295  
 She early left her sleepless bed,  
 The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

## XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,  
 And don her kirtle so hastilie;  
 And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make, — 300  
 Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;  
 Why does she stop, and look often around,  
 As she glides down the secret stair;  
 And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,  
 As he rouses him up from his lair, — 305  
 And, though she passes the postern alone,  
 Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

## XXVII.

The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,  
 Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;  
 The Ladye caresses the rough bloodhound, — 310  
 Lest his voice should waken the castle round;  
 The watchman's bugle is not blown,  
 For he was her foster-father's son;  
 And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light  
 To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight. — 315

## XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,  
 And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.  
 A fairer pair were never seen  
 To meet beneath the hawthorn green.

He was stately, and young, and tall; ————— 320  
 Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall;  
 And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,  
 Lent to her cheek a livelier red;  
 When the half sigh of her swelling breast  
 Against the silken ribbon prest; ————— 325  
 When her blue eyes their secret told,  
 Though shaded by her locks of gold—  
 Where would you find the peerless fair,  
 With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

## XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see ————— 330  
 You listen to my minstrelsy;  
 Your waving locks you backward throw  
 And sidelong bend your necks of snow:—  
 Ye ween to hear a melting tale,  
 Of two true lovers in a dale; ————— 335  
 And how the Knight, with tender fire,  
 To paint his faithful passion strove;  
 Swore he might at her feet expire,  
 But never, never cease to love:  
 And how she blushed, and how she sighed, ————— 340  
 And, half consenting, half denied,  
 And said that she would die a maid;—  
 Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,  
 Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,  
 Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

## XXX.

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!  
 My harp has lost th' enchanting strain;  
 Its lightness would my age reprove:  
 My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,  
 My heart is dead, my veins are cold:— 350  
 I may not, must not, sing of love.

## XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,  
 The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,  
 And held his crested helm and spear.

That Dwarf was scarcely an earthly man, ————— 355  
 If the tales were true that of him ran

Through all the Border, far and near.  
 'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode  
 Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,  
 He heard a voice cry, 'Lost! lost! lost!' ————— 360

And, like tennis-ball by racket tossed,  
 A leap, of thirty feet and three,  
 Made from the gorge this elfin shape,  
 Distorted like some dwarfish ape,  
 And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee. ————— 365

Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismayed;  
 'Tis said that five good miles he rade,  
 To rid him of his company;

But ~~where~~ he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four, ————— 370  
 And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

## XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said, —————  
 This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid:  
 Little he ate, and less he spoke,  
 Nor mingled with the menial flock;  
 And oft apart his arms he tossed, ————— 375  
 And often muttered, 'Lost! lost! lost!' —————

He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,  
 But well Lord Cranstoun served he:  
 And he of his service was full fain;  
 For once he had been ta'en or slain, ————— 380

As it had not been his ministry.  
 All between Home and Hermitage  
 Talked of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

## XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,  
 And took with him this elvish Page, ————— 385  
 To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes;  
 For there, beside Our Lady's lake,  
 An offering he had sworn to make,  
 And he would pay his vows.  
 But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band ————— 390  
 Of the best that would ride at her command;

The trysting place was Newark Lee.  
 Wat of Harden came thither amain,  
 And thither came John of Thirlestane,  
 And thither came William of Deloraine; ———— -395  
 They were three hundred spears and three,  
 Through Douglas burn, up Yarrow stream,  
 Their horses prance, their lances gleam.  
 They came to St Mary's lake ere day;  
 But the chapel was void, and the Baron away. ———— -400  
 They burned the chapel for very rage,  
 And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

## XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good green wood,  
 As under the aged oak he stood,  
 The Baron's courser pricks his ears, ———— -405  
 As if a distant noise he hears.  
 The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high  
 And signs to the lovers to part and fly;  
 No time was then to vow or sigh.  
 Fair Margaret, through the hazel grove, ———— -410  
 Flew like the startled cushat-dove.  
 The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein;  
 Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,  
 And, pondering deep on that morning's scene,  
 Rode eastward through the hawthorn's green. ———— -415

While thus he poured the lengthened tale,  
 The Minstrel's voice began to fail;  
 Full slily smiled the observant page,  
 And gave the withered hand of age  
 A goblet, crowned with mighty wine, ———— -420  
 The blood of Velez' scorched vine.  
 He raised the silver cup on high,  
 And, while the big drop filled his eye,  
 Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,  
 And all who cheered a son of song, ———— -425  
 The attending maidens smiled to see,  
 How long, how deep, how zealously,

The precious juice the Minstrel quaffed ;  
And he, emboldened by the draught,  
Looked gaily back to them, and laughed. ————— 430  
The cordial nectar of the bowl  
Swelled his old veins, and cheered his soul ;  
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,  
Ere thus his tale again began.

## CANTO THIRD.

## I.

And said I that my limbs were old;  
 And said I that my blood was cold,  
 And that my kindly fire was fled,  
 And my poor withered heart was dead,  
     And that I might not sing of love?— — 5  
 How could I to the dearest theme  
 That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,  
     So foul, so false, a recreant prove! *traitor*  
 How could I name love's very name,  
 Nor wake my heart to notes of flame! ————— 10

## II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;  
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;  
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;  
 In hamlets, dances on the green.  
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, . 15  
 And men below, and saints above;  
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

## III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,  
 While, pondering deep the tender scene,  
 He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.— 20  
     But the page shouted wild and shrill—  
     And scarce his helmet could he don,  
     When downward from the shady hill  
     A stately knight came pricking on,  
 That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray, 25  
 Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay;

His armour red with many a stain :  
 He seemed in such a weary plight,  
 As if he had ridden the live-long night ;  
 For it was William of Deloraine. ————— 30

## IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,  
 When, dancing in the sunny beam,  
 He marked the crane on the Baron's crest ;  
 For his ready spear was in his rest.  
 Few were the words, and stern and high, ————— 35  
 That marked the foeman's feudal hate ;  
 For question fiece, and proud reply,  
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.  
 Their very coursers seemed to know  
 That each was other's mortal foe ; ————— 40  
 And snorted fire, when wheeled around,  
 To give each knight his vantage ground.

## V.

In rapid round the Baron bent ;  
 He sighed a sigh, and prayed a prayer :  
 The prayer was to his patron saint, ————— 45  
 The sigh was to his ladye fair.  
 Stout Deloraine nor sighed, nor prayed,  
 Nor saint, nor ladye, called to aid ;  
 But he stooped his head, and couched his spear,  
 And spurred his steed to full career. ————— 50  
 The meeting of these champions proud  
 Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud.

## VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent !  
 The stately Baron backwards bent ;  
 Bent backward to his horse's tail, ————— 55  
 And his plumes went scattering on the gale ;  
 The tough ash-spear, so stout and true,  
 Into a thousand flinders flew.  
 But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,  
 Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail ; ————— 60  
 Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,  
 Deep in his bosom broke at last.—  
 Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,



Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,  
 Down went the steed, the girthing broke; ————— 65  
 Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.  
 The Baron onward pass'd his course;  
 Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—  
 His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

## VII.

But when he reined his courser round; ————— 70  
 And saw his foeman on the ground.  
 Lie senseless as the bloody clay,  
 He bade his page to stanch the wound,  
 And there beside the warrior stay,  
 And tend him in his doubtful state, ————— 75  
 And lead him to Branksome castle-gate;  
 His noble mind was inly moved  
 For the kinsman of the maid he loved.  
 'This thou shalt do without delay;  
 No longer here myself may stay: ————— 80  
 Unless the swifter I speed away,  
 Short shrift will be at my dying day.'

## VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;  
 The Goblin Page behind abode:  
 His lord's command he ne'er withstood, ————— 85  
 Though small his pleasure to do good.  
 As the corslet off he took,  
 The Dwarf espied the Mighty Book!  
 Much he marvelled, a knight of pride  
 Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride: ————— 90  
 He thought not to search or stanch the wound,  
 Until the secret he had found.

## IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,  
 Resisted long the elfin grasp;  
 For when the first he had undone, ————— 95  
 It closed as he the next begun.  
 Those iron clasps, that iron band,  
 Would not yield to unchristened hand,

Till he smeared the cover o'er  
 With the Borderer's curdled gore: ————— 100  
 A moment then the volume spread,  
 And one short spell therein he read.  
 It had much of glamour might,  
 Could make a ladye seem a knight;  
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall ————— 105  
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall;  
 A nutshell seem a gilded barge,  
 A sheeling seem a palace large, *cottage*.  
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth—  
 All was delusion, naught was truth. ————— 110

## X.

He had not read another spell,  
 When on his cheek a buffet fell,  
 So fierce, it stretched him on the plain,  
 Beside the wounded Deloraine.  
 From the ground he rose dismayed, ————— 115  
 And shook his huge and matted head;  
 One word he muttered, and no more—  
 'Man of age, thou smitest sore!  
 No more the elfin page durst try  
 Into the wondrous Book to pry; ————— 120  
 The clasps, though smeared with Christian gore,  
 Shut faster than they were before.  
 He hid it underneath his cloak.—  
 Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,  
 I cannot tell, so not I thrive; ————— 125  
 It was not given by man alive.

## XI.

Unwillingly himself he addressed,  
 To do his master's high behest:—  
 He lifted up the living corse,  
 And laid it on the weary horse; ————— 130  
 He led him into Branksome Hall,  
 Before the beards of the warders all;  
 And each did after swear and say,  
 There only passed a wain of hay.  
 He took him to Lord David's tower,—  
 Even to the Ladye's secret bower; ————— 135

And, but that stronger spells were spread,  
 And the door might not be opened,  
 He had laid him on her very bed.  
 Whate'er he did of gramarye, ————— 146  
 Was always done maliciously;  
 He flung the warrior on the ground,  
 And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

## XII.

As he repassed the outer court,  
 He spied the fair young child at sport: ————— 148  
 He thought to train him to the wood;  
 For, at a word, be it understood,  
 He was always for ill, and never for good.  
 Seemed to the boy, some comrade gay  
 Led him forth to the woods to play: ————— 150  
 On the drawbridge, the warders stout  
 Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

## XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,  
 Until they came to a woodland brook;  
 The running stream dissolved the spell, ————— 155  
 And his own elfish shape he took.  
 Could he have had his pleasure vild,  
 He had crippled the joints of the noble child;  
 Or, with his fingers long and lean,  
 Had strangled him in fiendish spleen? ————— 160  
 But his awful mother he had in dread,  
 And also his power was limited;  
 So he but scowled on the startled child,  
 And darted through the forest wild;  
 The woodland brook he bounding crossed, ————— 165  
 And laughed, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

## XIV.

Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,  
 And frightened, as a child might be,  
 At the wild yell and visage strange,  
 And the dark words of gramarye, ————— 170  
 The child, amidst the forest bower,  
 Stood rooted like a lily flower;

And when at length, with trembling pace,  
 He sought to find where Branksome lay,  
 He feared to see that grisly face ————— 175  
 Glare from some thicket on his way.  
 Thus, starting oft, he journeyed on,  
 And deeper in the wood is gone,—  
 For aye the more he sought his way,  
 The farther still he went astray, ————— 180  
 Until he heard the mountains round  
 Ring to the baying of a hound.

## XV.

And hark! and hark! the deep-mouthed bark  
 Comes nigher still, and nigher;  
 Burst on the path a dark bloodhound, ————— 185  
 His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,  
 And his red eye shot fire.  
 Soon as the wildered child saw he,  
 He flew at him right furiously.  
 I ween, you would have seen with joy ————— 190  
 The bearing of the gallant boy,  
 When, worthy of his noble sire,  
 His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire!  
 He faced the bloodhound manfully,  
 And held his little bat on high; ————— 195  
 So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,  
 At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,  
 But still in act to spring;  
 When dashed an archer through the glade,  
 And when he saw the hound was stayed, ————— 200  
 He drew his tough bow-string;  
 But a rough voice cried, 'Shoot not, hoy!  
 Ho! shoot not, Edward—'tis a boy!'

## XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,  
 And checked his fellow's surly mood, ————— 205  
 And quelled the ban-dog's ire:  
 He was an English yeoman good,  
 And born in Lancashire.  
 Well could he hit a fallow-deer,  
 Five hundred feet him fro; ————— 210  
 With hand more true, and eye more clear,  
 No archer bended bow.

His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,  
 Set off his sun-burned face;  
 Old England's sign, St George's cross, ————— 215  
 His barret-cap did grace;  
 His hughle-horn hung by his side,  
 All in a wolf-skin baldric tied;  
 And his short falchion, sharp and clear,  
 Had pierced the throat of many a deer. ————— 220

## XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,  
 Reached scantily to his knee;  
 And, at his belt, of arrows keen,  
 A furbished sheaf wore he;  
 His buckler, scarce in breadth a span, ————— 22  
 No larger fence had he;  
 He never counted him a man,  
 Would strike below the knee;  
 His slackened bow was in his hand,  
 And the leash, that was his bloodhound's band. ————— 23

## XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,  
 But held him with his powerful arm,  
 That he might neither fight nor flee;  
 For when the Red Cross spied he,  
 The boy strove long and violently. . . . . 2  
 'Now, by St George,' the archer cries,  
 'Edward, methinks we have a prize!  
 This boy's fair face, and courage free,  
 (How he is come of high degree,'

## XIX.

'Yes! I am come of high degree, ————— 240  
 For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;  
 And, if thou dost not set me free,  
 False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue'  
 For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,  
 And William of Delorain, good at need, ————— 245  
 And every Scott from Fek to Tweed.

And if thou dost not let me go,  
 Despite thy arrows and thy bow,  
 I'll have thee hanged to feed the crow !'

## XX.

'Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy ! ————— 250  
 My mind was never set so high ;  
 But if thou art chief of such a clan,  
 And art the son of such a man,  
 And ever comest to thy command,  
 Our wardens had need to keep good order ; ————— 255  
 My bow of yew to a hazel wand,  
 Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.  
 Meantime, be pleased to come with me,  
 For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;  
 I think our work is well begun, ————— 260  
 When we have taken thy father's son.'

## XXI.

Although the child was led away,  
 In Branksome still he seemed to stay,  
 For so the Dwarf his part did play ;  
 And, in the shape of that young boy, ————— 265  
 He wrought the castle much annoy.  
 The comrades of the young Buccleuch  
 He pinched, and beat, and overthrew ;  
 Nay, some of them he well-nigh slew.  
 He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire ; ————— 270  
 And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,  
 He lighted the match of his bandelier,  
 And wofully scorched the hackbuteer.  
 It may be hardly thought or said,  
 The mischief that the urchin made ; ————— 275  
 Till many of the castle guessed,  
 That the young baron was possessed !

## XXII.

Well I ween, the charm he held  
 The noble Ladye had soon dispelled ;  
 But she was deeply busied then — — — — — 280  
 To tend to wounded Deloraine.

Much she wondered to find him lie  
 On the stone threshold stretched along ;  
 She thought some spirit of the sky  
 Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong ; ————— 285  
 Because, despite her precept dicad,  
 Perchance he in the book had read ;  
 But the broken lance in his bosom stood,  
 And it was earthly steel and wood.

## XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound, ————— 290  
 And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;  
 She bade the gash be cleansed and bound.  
 No longer by his couch she stood ,  
 But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
 And washed it from the clotted gore, ————— 295  
 And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.  
 William of Deloraine, in trance,  
 Whene'er she turned it round and round,  
 Twisted as if she galled his wound ,  
 Then to her maidens she did say, ————— 300  
 That he should be whole man and sound,  
 Within the course of night and day.  
 Full long she toiled ; for she did rue ~~misgiving~~  
 Mishap to friend so stout and true.

## XXIV.

So passed the day :—the evening fell, ————— 305  
 'Twas near the time of curfew bell ;  
 The air was mild, the wind was calm,  
 The stream was smooth, the dew was balm  
 E'en the rude watchman on the tower  
 Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour. ————— 310  
 Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed  
 The hour of silence and of rest.  
 On the high turret, sitting lone,  
 She waked at times the lute's soft tone ;  
 Touched a wild note, and all between ————— 315  
 Thought of the bower of hawthorns green :  
 Her golden hair streamed free from band,  
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,  
 Her blue eyes sought the west afar,  
 For lovers love the western star. ————— 320

## XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,  
 - That rises slowly to her ken,  
 And, spreading broad its wavering light,  
 Shakes its loose tresses on the night?  
 Is yon red glare the western star?— 325  
 Oh, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!  
 Scarce could she draw her tightened breath;  
 For well she knew the fire of death!

## XXVI.

The warder viewed it blazing strong,  
 And blew his war-note loud and long, 330  
 Till, at the high and haughty sound,  
 Rock, wood, and river, rang around.  
 The blast alarmed the festal hall,  
 And startled forth the warriors all;  
 Far downward, in the castle-yard, 335  
 Full many a torch and cresset glared;  
 And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,  
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;  
 And spears in wild disorder shook,  
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook. 340

## XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair  
 Was reddened by the torches' glare,  
 Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,  
 And issued forth his mandates loud.  
 'On Penchryst glows a bale of fire, 345  
 And three are kindling on Priestthaughswire;  
 Ride out, ride out,  
 The foe to scout!  
 Mount, mount for Branksome, every man!  
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan, 350  
 That ever are true and stout.—  
 Ye need not send to Liddesdale;  
 For, when they see the blazing bale,  
 Elliots and Armstrongs never fail.—  
 Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life! 355  
 And warn the warden of the strife.  
 Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,  
 Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise.'



## XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret-head,  
 Heard, far below, the coursers' tread, ————— 360  
 While loud the harness rung,  
 As to their seats, with clamour dread,  
 The ready horsemen sprung ;  
 And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,  
 And leaders' voices, mingled notes, ————— 365  
 And out ! and out !  
 In hasty route,  
 The horsemen galloped forth ;  
 Dispersing to the south to scout,  
 And east, and west, and north, ————— 370  
 To view their coming enemies,  
 And warn their vassals, and allies.

## XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand,  
 Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,  
 And ruddy blushed the heaven : ————— 375  
 For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,  
 Waved, like a blood-flag, on the sky,  
 All flaring and uneven.  
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,  
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen ; ————— 380  
 Each with warlike tidings fraught ;  
 Each from each the signal caught ;  
 Each after each they glanced to sight,  
 As stars arise upon the night.  
 They gleamed on many a dusky tarn, ————— 385  
 Haunted by the lonely earn ;  
 On many a cairn's gray pyramid,  
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid ;  
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,  
 From Soltra and Dumpender Law ; ————— 390  
 And Lothian heard the Regent's order,  
 That all should bowne them for the Border.

## XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang  
 The ceaseless sound of steel ;  
 The castle-bell, with backward clang, ————— 395  
 Sent forth the larum-peal ;

Was frequent heard the heavy jar,  
 Where massy stone and iron bar  
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,  
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower; 400  
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,  
 And watchword from the sleepless ward;  
 While, wearied by the endless din,  
 Bloodhound and ban-dog yelled within.

## XXXI.

The noble Dame, amid the broil, 405  
 Shared the gray Seneschal's high toil,  
 And spoke of danger with a smile;  
 Cheered the young knights, and council sage  
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.  
 No tidings of the foe were brought, 410  
 Nor of his numbers knew they aught,  
 Nor what in time of truce he sought.  
 Some said, that there were thousands ten;  
 And others weened that it was naught  
 But Leven clans, or Tynedale men, 415  
 Who came to gather in black mail;  
 And Liddesdale, with small avail,  
 Might drive them lightly back agen.  
 So passed the anxious night away,  
 And welcome was the peep of day. 420

Ceased the high sound—the listening throng  
 Applaud the Master of the Song;  
 And marvel much, in helpless age,  
 So hard should be his pilgrimage.  
 Had he no friend—no daughter dear, 425  
 His wandering toil to share and cheer;  
 No son, to be his father's stay,  
 And guide him on the rugged way?—  
 'Ay! once he had—but he was dead!'  
 Upon the harp he stooped his head, 430  
 And busied himself the strings withal,  
 To hide the tears that fain would fall.  
 In solemn measure, soft and slow,  
 Arose a father's notes of woe.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## I.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide  
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;  
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
 Along thy wild and willowed shore;  
 Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,  
 And all is peaceful, all is still, — 5  
 As if thy waves, since Time was born,  
 Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,  
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,  
 Now started at the huckle-bone — 10

## II.

Unlike the tide of human time,  
 Which, though it change in ceaseless flow  
 Retains each grief, retains each crime,  
 Its earliest course was doomed to know,  
 And, darker as it downward bears, — 1  
 Is stained with past and present tears.  
 Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,  
 It still reflects to memory's eye  
 The hour my brave, my only boy,  
 Fell by the side of great Dundee. — 2  
 Why, when the volleying musket played  
 Against the bloody Highland blade,  
 Why was not I beside him laid?—  
 Enough—he died the death of fame;  
 Enough—he died with conquering Glen —

## III.

Now over Border dale and fell,  
 Full wide and far was terror spread

For pathless marsh and mountain cell,  
 The peasant left his lowly shed.  
 The frightened flocks and herds were pent ————— 30  
 Beneath the peel's rude battlement;  
 And maids and matrons dropped the tear,  
 While ready warriors seized the spear.  
 From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye  
 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy, ————— 35  
 Which, curling in the rising sun,  
 Showed southern ravage was begun.

## IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried —  
 'Prepare ye all for blows and blood!  
 Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side, ————— 40  
 Comes wading through the flood.  
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock  
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock;  
 It was but last St Barnabright,  
 They sieged him a whole summer night, ————— 45  
 But fled at morning; well they knew,  
 In vain he never twanged the yew.  
 Right sharp has been the evening shower  
 That drove him from his Liddel tower;  
 And by my faith,' the gate-ward said, ————— 50  
 'I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid.'

## V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman  
 Entered the echoing barbican.  
 He led a small and shaggy nag,  
 That through a bog, from hag to hag, ————— 55  
 Could bound like any Billhope stag;  
 It bore his wife and children twain;  
 A half-clothed serf was all their train:  
 His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,  
 Of silver brooch and bracelet proud, ————— 60  
 Laughed to her friends among the crowd.  
 He was of stature passing tall,  
 But sparely formed, and lean withal:  
 A battered morion on his brow;  
 A leather jack, as fence enow, ————— 65

## X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band, ————— 145  
 Came trooping down the Todshaw-hill;  
 By the sword they won their land,  
 And by the sword they hold it still.  
 Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,  
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale. ————— 150  
 Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,  
 The Beattisons were his vassals there.  
 The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,  
 The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;  
 High of heart, and haughty of word, ————— 155  
 Little they recked of a tame liege lord.  
 The Earl unto fair Eskdale came,  
 Homage and seignory to claim: *lordship*  
 Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,  
 Saying, 'Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought.' ————— 160  
 'Dear to me is my bonny white steed,  
 Oft has he helped me at pinch of need; *2000*  
 Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow  
 I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou.'  
 Word on word gave fuel to fire, ————— 165  
 Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,  
 But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,  
 The vassals there their lord had slain.  
 Sore he plied both whip and spur,  
 As he urged his steed through Eskdale Muir; ————— 170  
 And it fell down a weary weight,  
 Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

## XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,  
 Full fain avenged would he be.  
 In haste to Branksome's lord he spoke, ————— 175  
 Saying, 'Take these traitors to thy yoke;  
 For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,  
 All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:  
 Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan  
 If thou leavest on Eske a landed man; ————— 180  
 But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,  
 For he lent me his horse to escape upon.'

A glad man then was Branksome bold,  
 Down he flung him the purse of gold;  
 To Eskdale soon he spurred amain, ————— 185  
 And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.  
 He left his merry men in the mist of the hill,  
 And bade them hold them close and still;  
 And alone he wended to the plain,  
 To meet with the Galliard and all his train. ————— 190  
 To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:  
 'Know thou me for thy liege lord and head;  
 Deal not with me as with Morton tame,  
 For Scotts play best at the roughest game.  
 Give me in peace my heriot due, ————— 195  
 Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.  
 If my horn I three times wind,  
 Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.'

## XII.

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn;  
 'Little care we for thy winded horn. ————— 200  
 Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot  
 To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.  
 Wend thou to Branksome back on foot  
 With rusty spur and miry boot.  
 He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse, ————— 205  
 That the dun deer started at fair Craikcross;  
 He blew again so loud and clear,  
 Through the gray mountain-mist there did lances appear;  
 And the third blast rang with such a din,  
 That the echoes answered from Pentoun-linn, ————— 210  
 And all his riders came lightly in.  
 Then had you seen a gallant shock,  
 When saddles were emptied and lances broke!  
 For each scornful word the Galliard had said  
 A Beattison on the field was laid, ————— 215  
 His own good sword the chieftain drew,  
 And he bore the Galliard through and through;  
 Where the Beattisons' blood mixed with the rill,  
 The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.  
 The Scotts have scattered the Beattison clah, ————— 220  
 In Eskdale they left but one landed man.  
 The valley of Eske from the mouth to the source  
 Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

## XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,  
 And warriors more than I may name; ————— 225  
 From Yarrow-cleuch to Hindhaugh-swaire,  
 From Woodhouseslie to Chester-glen,  
 Trooped man and horse, and bow, and spear;  
 Their gathering-word was Bellenden.  
 And better hearts o'er Border sod ————— 230  
 To siege or rescue never rode.  
 The Ladye marked the aids come in,  
 And high her heart of pride arose;  
 She bade her youthful son attend  
 That he might know his father's friend, ————— 235  
 And learn to face his foes.  
 'The boy is ripe to look on war—  
 I saw him draw a crossbow stiff,  
 And his true arrow struck afar  
 The raven's nest upon the cliff, ————— 240  
 The Red Cross on a southern breast  
 Is broader than the raven's nest.  
 Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to wield,  
 And o'er him hold his father's shield.'

## XIV.

Well may you think the wily Page ————— 245  
 Cared not to face the Ladye sage.  
 He counterfeited childish fear,  
 And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,  
 And moaned and plained in manner wild.  
 The attendants to the Ladye told, ————— 250  
 Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,  
 That wont to be so free and bold.  
 Then wrathful was the noble dame;  
 She blushed blood-red for very shame.  
 'Hence! ere the clan his faintness view: ————— 255  
 Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!  
 Watt Tinnlin, thou shalt be his guide  
 To Rangleburn's lonely side.  
 Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,  
 That coward should e'er be son of mine!'

## XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had  
 To guide the counterfeited lad.  
 Soon as his palfrey felt the weight  
 Of that ill-omened elvish freight,  
 He bolted, sprung, and reared amain, ————— 265  
 Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.  
 It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil *much*  
 To drive him but a Scottish mile.  
 But, as a shallow brook they crossed,  
 The elf, amid the running stream, ————— 270  
 His figure changed, like form in dream,  
 And fled, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!'  
 Full fast the urchin ran and laughed,  
 But faster still a cloth-yard shaft  
 Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew, ————— 275  
 And pierced his shoulder through and through.  
 Although the imp might not be slain,  
 And though the wound soon healed again,  
 Yet as he ran he yelled for pain,  
 And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,  
 Rode ~~hade~~ to Branksome fiery fast.

## XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood  
 That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;  
 And martial murmurs from below  
 Proclaimed the approaching southern foe. ————— 285  
 Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,  
 Were Border-pipes and bugles blown;  
 The coursers' neighing he could ken,  
 And measured tread of marching men;  
 While broke at times the solemn hum, ————— 290  
 The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;  
 And banners tall, of crimson sheen,  
 Above the conce appear;  
 And, glistening through the hawthorns green,  
 Shine helm, and shield, and spear. ————— 295

## XVII.

Light forayers first, to view the ground,  
 Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round;



Behind, in close array and fast,  
 The Kendal archers, all in green,  
 Obedient to the bugle blast, ————— 300  
 Advancing from the wood are seen.  
 To back and guard the archer band  
 Lord Dacre's billmen were at hand:  
 A hardy race, on Irthing bred,  
 With kirtles white, and crosses red; ————— 305  
 Arrayed beneath the banner tall  
 That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall;  
 And minstrels, as they marched in order,  
 Played, 'Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border.'

## XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow, ————— 310  
 The mercenaries firm and slow,  
 Moved on to fight, in dark array,  
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,  
 Who brought the band from distant Rhine,  
 And sold their blood for foreign pay ————— 315  
 The camp their home, their law the sword,  
 They knew no country, owned no lord:  
 They were not armed like England's sons,  
 But bore the levin-darting guns;  
 Buff coats, all frounced and 'broidered o'er, ————— 320  
 And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;  
 Each better knee was bared, to aid  
 The warriors in the escalade;  
 All, as they marched, in rugged tongue,  
 Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung. ————— 325

## XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,  
 And louder still the minstrels blew,  
 When, from beneath the greenwood tree,  
 Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;  
 His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear, ————— 330  
 Brought up the battle's glittering rear.  
 There many a youthful knight, full keen  
 To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;  
 With favour in his crest, or glove,  
 Memorial of his lady-love. ————— 335

So rode they forth in fair array,  
 Till full their lengthened lines display;  
 Then called a halt, and made a stand,  
 And cried, 'St George for merry England!'

## XX.

Now every English eye intent ————— 349  
 On Branksome's armed tower was bent;  
 So near they were, that they might know  
 The straining harsh of each crossbow;  
 On battlement and bartizan,  
 Gleamed axe, and spear, and partisan; ————— 345  
 Falcon and culver, on each tower,  
 Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower:  
 And flashing armour frequent broke  
 From eddying whirls of sable smoke,  
 Where, upon tower and turret head, ————— 350  
 The seething pitch and molten lead  
 Reeked, like a witch's cauldron red.  
 While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,  
 The wicket opes, and from the wall  
 Rides forth the hoary Seneschal. ————— 355

## XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,  
 His white beard o'er his breastplate spread;  
 Unbroke by age, erect his seat,  
 He ruled his eager courser's gait;  
 Forced him, with chastened fire, to prance, ————— 360  
 And, high curvetting, slow advance;  
 In sign of truce, his better hand  
 Displayed a peeled willow wand;  
 His squire, attending in the rear,  
 Bore high a gauntlet on a spear ————— 365  
 When they espied him riding out,  
 Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout  
 Sped to the front of their array,  
 To hear what this old knight should say.

## XXII.

'Ye English warden lords, of you ————— 370  
 Demands the Lady of Buccleuch,

Why, 'gainst the truce of Border-side,  
 In hostile guise ye dare to side,  
 With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,  
 And all yon mercenary band, ————— 375  
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?  
 My Ladye reads you swith return;  
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,  
 Or do our towers so much molest  
 As scare one swallow from her nest, ————— 380  
 St Mary! but we'll light a brand  
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland.'

## XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,  
 But calmer Howard took the word:—  
 'May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal, ————— 385  
 To seek the castle's outward wall;  
 Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show,  
 Both why we came, and when we go.  
 The message sped, the noble Dame  
 To the wall's outward circle came, ————— 390  
 Each chief around leaned on his spear,  
 To see the pursuivant appear.—  
 All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,  
 The lion argent decked his breast;  
 He led a boy of blooming hue ————— 395  
 O sight to meet a mother's view!  
 It was the heir of great Buccleuch.  
 Obeisance meet the herald made,  
 And thus his master's will he said:—

## XXIV.

'It is, high Dame, my noble Lords, ————— 400  
 'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;  
 But yet they may not tamely see,  
 All through the western wardenry,  
 Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,  
 And barn and spoil the Border-side; ————— 405  
 And ill beseems your rank and birth  
 To make your towers a flemens-firth.  
 We claim from thee William of Deloraine,  
 That he may suffer march-treason pain: *Border*

It was but last St Cuthbert's oven ————— 410  
 He tricked to Stapleton on Leven,  
 Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,  
 And slew his brother by dint of glaive.  
 Then, since a lone and widowed Dame  
 These restless riders may not tame, ————— 415  
 Either receive within thy towers  
 Two hundred of my master's powers,  
 Or straight they sound their warrison,  
 And storm and spoil thy garrison;  
 And this fair boy, to London led, ————— 420  
 Shall good King Edward's page be bred.'

## XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,  
 And stretched his little arms on high;  
 Implored for aid each well-known face,  
 And strove to seek the Dame's embrace. ————— 425  
 A moment changed that Lady's cheer,  
 Gushed to her eye the unbidden tear;  
 She gazed upon the leaders' round,  
 And dark and sad each warrior frowned;  
 Then, deep within her sobbing breast ————— 430  
 She locked the struggling sigh to rest;  
 Unaltered and collected stood,  
 And thus replied, in dauntless mood.

## XXVI.

'Say to your Lords of high emprise,  
 Who war on women and on boys, ————— 435  
 That either William of Deloraine  
 Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,  
 Or else he will the combat take  
 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake.  
 No knight in Cumberland so good, ————— 440  
 But William may count with him kin and blood.  
 Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,  
 When English blood swelled Ancram's ford;  
 And but that Lord Dacre's steed was wight,  
 And bare him ably in the fight, ————— 445  
 Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.  
 For the young heir of Branksome's line,  
 God be his aid, and God be mine;

Through me no friend shall meet his doom;  
 Here, while I live, no foe finds room. ————— 450  
 Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,  
 Take our defiance loud and high;  
 Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,  
 Our moat, the grave where they shall lie.

## XXVII.

Proud she looked round, applause to claim; ————— 455  
 Then lightened Thurlestane's eye of flame;  
 His bugle Wat of Harden blew;  
 Pensils and pennons wide were flung,  
 To heaven the Border slogan rung,  
 'St Mary for the young Buccleuch! ————— 460  
 The English war-cry answered wide,  
 And forward bent each southern spear;  
 Each Kendal archer made a stride,  
 And drew the bow-string to his ear;  
 Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown; ————— 465  
 But, ~~there~~ the gray goose shaft had flown,  
 A horseman galloped from the rear,

## XXVIII.

'Ah! noble Lords!' he, breathless, said,  
 'What treason has your march betrayed?  
 What make you here, from aid so far, ————— 470  
 Before you walls, around you war?  
 Your foemen triumph in the thought,  
 That in the toils the lion's caught.  
 Already on dark Ruberslaw  
 The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw; ————— 475  
 The lances, waving in his train,  
 Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;  
 And on the Liddel's northern strand,  
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,  
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merry men good, ————— 480  
 Beneath the eagle and the rood;  
 And Jedwood, Eske, and Tewiotdale,  
 Have to proud Angus come;  
 And all the Merce and Lauderdale  
 Have risen with haughty Home. ————— 485  
 An exile from Northumberland,  
 In Liddesdale I've wandered long;

But still my heart was with merry England,  
 And cannot brook my country's wrong;  
 And hard I've spurred all night, to show ————— 490  
 The mustering of the coming foe.'

## XXIX.

'And let them come!' fierce Dacre cried;  
 'For soon yon crest, my father's pride,  
 That swept the shores of Judah's sea, *Levant* .  
 And waved in gales of Galilee, ————— 495  
 From Branksome's highest towers displayed,  
 Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid! —  
 Level each harquebuss on row;  
 Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;  
 Up, billmen, to the walls, and cry, ————— 500  
 Dacre for England, win or die!'

## XXX.

'Yet hear,' quoth Howard, — 'calmly hear,  
 Nor deem my words the words of fear:  
 For who, in field or foray slack,  
 Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back? ————— 505  
 But thus to risk our Border flower  
 In strife against a kingdom's power,  
 Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,  
 Certes, were desperate policy.  
 Nay, take the terms the Ladye made, ————— 510  
 Ere conscious of the advancing aid:  
 Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine  
 In single fight; and if he gain,  
 He gains for us; but if he's crossed,  
 'Tis but a single warrior lost; ————— 515  
 The rest, retreating as they came,  
 Avoid defeat, and death, and shame.'

## XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook  
 His brother-warden's sage rebuke;  
 And yet his forward step he staid, ————— 520  
 And slow and sullenly obeyed.  
 But ne'er again the Border-side  
 Did these two lords in friendship ride;

And this slight discontent, men say,  
Cost blood upon another day.

## XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again  
Before the castle took his stand;  
His trumpet called, with parleying strain,  
The leaders of the Scottish band;  
And he defied, in Musgrave's right, 530  
Stout Deloraine to single fight;  
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,  
And thus the terms of fight he said:  
'If in the lists good Musgrave's sword  
Vanquish the knight of Deloraine, 535  
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's lord,  
Shall hostage for his clan remain;  
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,  
The boy his liberty shall have.  
Howe'er it falls, the English band, 540  
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharmed,  
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland.'

## XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,  
The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,  
Though much the Ladye sage gainsayed; 545  
For though their hearts were brave and true,  
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,  
How tardy was the Regent's aid:  
And you may guess the noble Dame  
Durst not the secret prescience own, 550  
Sprung from the art she might not name,  
By which the coming help was known.  
Closed was the compact, and agreed,  
That lists should be enclosed with speed,  
Beneath the castle, on a lawn; 555  
They fixed the morrow for the strife,  
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,  
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;  
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,  
Or else a champion in his stead, 560  
Should for himself and chieftain stand,  
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

## XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,  
 Full many minstrels sing and say,  
 Such combat should be made on horse, ————— 565  
 On foaming steed, in full career,  
 With brand to aid, when as the spear  
 Should shiver in the course:  
 But he, the jovial harper, taught  
 Me, yet a youth, how it was fought, ————— 570  
 In guise which now I say;  
 He knew each ordinance and clause  
 Of Black Lord Archibald's battle laws,  
 In the old Douglas' day.  
 He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue ————— 575  
 Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,  
 Or call his song untrue;  
 For this, when they the goblet plied,  
 And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,  
 The bard of Reull he slew. ————— 580  
 On Teviot's side, in fight, they stood,  
 And tuneful hands were stained with blood;  
 Where still the thorn's white branches wave,  
 Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

## XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom, ————— 585  
 That dragged my master to his tomb;  
 How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair  
 Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,  
 And wrung their hands for love of him,  
 Who died at Jedwood Air? ————— 590  
 He died!—his scholars, one by one,  
 To the cold silent grave are gone;  
 And I, alas! survive alone,  
 To muse o'er rivalries of yore,  
 And grieve that I shall hear no more ————— 595  
 The strains, with envy heard before;  
 For, with my minstrel brethren fled,  
 My jealousy of song is dead.



He paused :—the listening dames again  
 Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain ; — 600  
 With many a word of kindly cheer,—  
 In pity half, and half sincere,—  
 Marvelled the Duchess how so well  
 His legendary song could tell—  
 Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ; — 605  
 Of feuds, whose memory was not ;  
 Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;  
 Of towers, which harbour now the hare ;  
 Of manners, long since changed and gone ;  
 Of chiefs, who under their grey stone — 610  
 So long had slept, that fickle Fame  
 Had blotted from her rolls their name,  
 And twin'd round some new minion's head *favourite*.  
 The fading wreath for which they bled !—  
 In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse — 615  
 Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased, for ne'er  
 Was flattery lost on poet's ear :  
 A simple race ! they waste their toil  
 For the vain tribute of a smile ; — 620  
 E'en when in age their flame expires, *2206*  
 Her dulcet breath can fan its fires :  
 Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,  
 And strives to trim the short-lived blaze

Smiled then, well pleased, the aged Man,  
 And thus his tale continued ran. — 625

## CANTO FIFTH.

## I.

Call it not vain:—they do not err,  
 Who say that, when the poet dies,  
 Mute nature mourns her worshipper,  
 And celebrates his obsequies;  
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,  
 For the departed bard make moan:  
 That mountains weep in crystal rill;  
 That flowers in tears of balm distil;  
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
 And oaks, in deeper groan reply: 10  
 And rivers teach their rushing wave  
 To murmur dirges round his grave.

## II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn  
 Those things inanimate can mourn;  
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale, 15  
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail  
 Of those who, else forgotten long,  
 Lived in the poet's faithful song,  
 And, with the poet's parting breath,  
 Whose memory feels a second death. 20  
 The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,  
 That love, true love, should be forgot,  
 From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
 Upon the gentle minstrel's bier:  
 The phantom knight, his glory fled, 25  
 Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead;  
 Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,  
 And shrieks along the battle-plain:  
 The chief, whose antique crownlet long  
 Still sparkled in the feudal song, 30

Now from the mountain's misty throne,  
 Sees, in the thanedom once his own,  
 His ashes undistinguished lie,  
 His place, his power, his memory die :  
 His groans the lonely caverns fill, ————— 35  
 His tears of rage impel the rill ;  
 All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,  
 Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

## III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,  
 The terms of truce were scarcely made, ————— 40  
 When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,  
 The advancing march of martial powers ;  
 Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,  
 And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;  
 Bright spears, above the columns dun, ————— 45  
 Glanced momentary to the sun :  
 And feudal banners fair displayed  
 The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

## IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,  
 From the fair Middle Marches came ; ————— 50  
 The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,  
 Announcing Douglas' dreaded name !  
 Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,  
 Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne  
 Their men in battle-order set ; ————— 55  
 And Swinton laid the lance in rest,  
 That tamed of yore the sparkling crest  
 Of Clarence's Plantagenet.  
 Nor list I say, what hundreds more,  
 From the rich Merse and Lamme, ————— 60  
 And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,  
 Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,  
 And Hepburn's mingled banners come,  
 Down the steep mountain glittering far,  
 And shouting still, ' A Home ! a Home ! ' ————— 65

## V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,  
 On many a courteous message went ;

To every chief and lord they paid  
 Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid;  
 And told them,—how a truce was made, 70  
 And how a day of fight was ta'en  
 'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;  
 And how the Ladye prayed them dear  
 That all would stay the fight to see,  
 And deign, in love and courtesy, 75  
 To taste of Branksome cheer.  
 Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,  
 Were England's noble lords forgot:  
 Himself, the hoary Seneschal,  
 Rode forth, in seemly terms to call 80  
 Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.  
 Accepted Howard, than whom knight  
 Was never dubbed more bold in fight;  
 Nor, when from war and armour free,  
 More famed for stately courtesy: 85  
 But angry Dacre rather chose  
 In his pavilion to repose.

## VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,  
 How these two hostile armies met?  
 Deeming it were no easy task 90  
 To keep the truce which here was set;  
 Where martial spirits, all on fire,  
 Breathed only blood and martial fire.  
 By mutual inroads, mutual blows,  
 By habit, and by nation, foes, 95  
 They met on Teviot's strand:  
 They met, and sate them mingled down,  
 Without a threat, without a frown,  
 As brothers meet in foreign land:  
 The hands, the spear that lately grasped, 100  
 Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,  
 Were interchanged in greeting dear;  
 Visors were raised, and faces shown,  
 And many a friend, to friend made known,  
 Partook of social cheer. 105  
 Some drove the jolly bowl about:  
 With dice and draughts some chased the day;  
 And some, with many a merry shout,  
 In riot, revelry, and rout,  
 Pursued the football play. 110

## VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,  
 Or sign of war been seen,  
 Those bands, so fair together ranged,  
 Those hands, so frankly interchanged,  
 Had dyed with gore the green : ————— 115  
 The merry shout by Teviot-side  
 Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,  
 And in the groan of death :  
 And whingers, now in friendship bare,  
 The social meal to part and share, ————— 120  
 Had found a bloody sheath.  
 'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change  
 Was not unfrequent, nor held strange,  
 In the old Border day ;  
 But yet on Branksome's towers and town, ————— 125  
 In peaceful merriment, sunk down  
 The sun's declining ray.

## VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassel gay  
 Decay'd not with the dying day ;  
 Soon through the latticed windows tall ————— 130  
 Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,  
 Divided square by shafts of stone,  
 Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;  
 Nor less the gilded rafters rang  
 With merry harp and beakers' clang ; ————— 135  
 And frequent, on the darkening plain,  
 Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,  
 As bands, their stragglers to regain,  
 Gave the shrill watchword of their clan ;  
 And revellers, o'er their bowls proclaim ————— 140  
 Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

## IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,  
 At length the various clamours died ;  
 And you might hear from Branksome hull  
 No sound but Teviot's rushing tide, ————— 145  
 Save when the changing sentinel  
 The challenge of his watch could tell—

And save where, through the dark profound,  
 The clanging axe and hammer's sound  
 Rung from the nether lawn; ————— 150  
 For many a busy hand toil'd there,  
 Strong pales to shape and beams to square,  
 The lists' dread barriers to prepare  
 Against the morrow's dawn.

## X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat, ————— 155  
 Despite the Dame's reproving eye—  
 Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,  
 Full many a stifled sigh;  
 For many a noble warrior strove  
 To win the Flower of Teviot's love, ————— 160  
 And many a bold ally.  
 With throbbing head and anxious heart,  
 All in her lonely bower apart,  
 In broken sleep she lay;  
 By times from silken couch she rose, ————— 165  
 While yet the banner'd hosts repose,  
 She view'd the dawning day;  
 Of all the hundreds sunk to rest  
 First woke the loveliest and the best.

## XI.

She gazed upon the inner court, ————— 170  
 Which in the tower's tall shadow lay,  
 Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,  
 Had rung the live-long yesterday.  
 Now still as death, till, stalking slow,  
 The jingling spurs announced his tread ————— 175  
 A stately warrior passed below,  
 But when he raised his plumed head—  
 Blessed Mary! can it be?  
 Secure as if in Ousenam bowers,  
 He walks through Branksome's hostile towers ————— 180  
 With fearless step and free.  
 She dared not sign, she dared not speak—  
 Oh! if one page's slumbers break,  
 His blood the price must pay!  
 Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears, ————— 185  
 Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,  
 Shall buy his life a day.

## XII.

Yet was his hazard small, for well  
 You may bethink you of the spell  
 Of that sly urchin Page; ————— 190  
 This to his lord he did impart,  
 And made him seem, by glamour art,  
 A knight from Hermitage.  
 Unchallenged thus the warder's post,  
 The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed, ————— 195  
 For all the vassalage.  
 But oh! what magic's quaint disguise  
 Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!  
 She started from her seat—  
 While with surprise and fear she strove, ————— 200  
 And both could scarcely master love—  
 Lord Henry's at her feet.

## XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad  
 That foul malicious urchin had  
 To bring this meeting round; ————— 205  
 For happy love's a heavenly sight,  
 And by a vile malignant sprite  
 In such no joy is found;  
 And oft I've deemed, perchance he thought,  
 Their erring passion might have wrought ————— 210  
 Sorrow, and sin, and shame—  
 And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,  
 And to the gentle Ladye bright  
 Disgrace, and loss of fame.  
 But earthly spirit could not tell ————— 215  
 The heart of them that loved so well.  
 True love's the gift which God has given  
 To man alone beneath the heaven.  
 It is not Fantasy's hot fire,  
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly; ————— 220  
 It liveth not in fierce desire,  
 With dead desire it doth not die.  
 It is the secret sympathy,  
 The silver link, the silken tie,  
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind, ————— 225  
 In body and in soul can bind.  
 Now leave we Margaret and her knight  
 To tell you of the approaching fight.

## XIV.

Their warning blast the bugles blew,  
 The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan; ————— 230  
 In haste the deadly strife to view  
 The trooping warriors eager ran:  
 Thick round the lists their lances stood  
 Like blasted pines in Ettrick Wood.  
 To Branksome many a look they threw, ————— 235  
 The combatants approach to view,  
 And bandied many a word of boast  
 About the knight each favour'd most.

## XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame;  
 For now arose disputed claim, ————— 240  
 Of who should fight for Deloraine,  
 'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane:  
 They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,  
 And frowning brow on brow was bent;  
 But yet not long the strife—for, lo! ————— 245  
 Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,  
 Strong, as it seem'd, and free from pain,  
 In armour sheathed from top to toe,  
 Appear'd, and craved the combat due.  
 The Dame her chain successful knew, ————— 250  
 And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

## XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,  
 The stately Ladye's silken rein  
 Did noble Howard hold;  
 Unarmed by her side he walked, ————— 255  
 And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd  
 Of feats of arms of old.  
 Costly his garb—his Flemish .....  
 Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,  
 With satin slash'd and lined; ————— 260  
 Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,  
 His cloak was all of Poland fur,  
 His hose with silver twined;



His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,  
 Hung in a broad and studded belt; ————— 265  
 Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still  
 Called noble Howard Belted Will.

## XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame  
 Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,  
 Whose foot-cloth swept the ground; ————— 270  
 White was her wimple, and her veil,  
 And her loose locks a chaplet pale  
 Of whitest roses bound;  
 The lordly Angus, by her side,  
 In courtesy to cheer her tried; ————— 275  
 Without his aid, her hand in vain  
 Had strove to guide her 'broider'd rein.  
 He deemed, she shudder'd at the sight  
 Of warriors met for mortal fight;  
 But cause of terror, all unguess'd, ————— 280  
 Was fluttering in her gentle breast,  
 When, in their chairs of crimson placed,  
 The Dame and she the barriers graced.

## XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch  
 An English knight led forth to view; ————— 285  
 Scarce rued the boy his present plight,  
 So much he long'd to see the fight.  
 Within the lists, in knightly pride,  
 High Home and haughty Dacre ride;  
 Their leading staffs of steel they wield, ————— 290  
 As marshals of the mortal field;  
 While to each knight their care assign'd  
 Like vantage of the sun and wind.  
 Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,  
 In king and queen, and wardens' name, ————— 295  
 That none, while lasts the strife,  
 Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,  
 Aid to a champion to afford,  
 On peril of his life:  
 And not a breath the silence broke, ————— 300  
 Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke.

## XIX.

## ENGLISH HERALD.

'Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,  
 Good knight and true, and freely born,  
 Amends from Deloraine to crave,  
 For foul despiteous scathe and scorn. ————— 305  
 He sayeth, that William of Deloraine  
 Is traitor false by Border laws;  
 This with his sword he will maintain,  
 So help him God, and his good cause.'

## XX.

## SCOTTISH HERALD.

'Here standeth William of Deloraine, ————— 310  
 Good knight and true, of noble strain,  
 Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain,  
 Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat;  
 And that, so help him God above,  
 He will on Musgrave's body prove, ————— 315  
 He lies most foully in his throat.'

## LORD DACRE.

'Forward, brave champions, to the fight!  
 Sound trumpets!'—

## LORD HOME.

—'God defend the right!'—

Then, Teviot! how thine echoes rang,  
 When bugle sound and trumpet clang, ————— 320  
 ¶ Let loose the martial foes,  
 And in mid list, with shield poised high,  
 And measured step and wary eye,  
 ¶ The combatants did close.

## XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear, ————— 325  
 Ye lovely listeners, to hear  
 How to the axe the helms did sound,  
 And blood pour'd down from many a wound:  
 For desperate was the strife and long;  
 And either warrior fierce and strong. ————— 330

But were each dame a listening knight,  
 I well could tell how warriors fight;  
 For I have seen war's lightning flashing,  
 Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,  
 Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing, ———— 335  
 And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife,  
 To yield a step for death or life.

## XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow  
 Has stretched him on the bloody plain;  
 He strives to rise—brave Musgrave, no; ———— 340  
 Thence never shalt thou rise again!  
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand  
 Undo the visor's barred band,  
 Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,  
 And give him room for life to gasp  
 O, bootless aid! haste, holy Friar—  
 Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!  
 Of all his guilt let him be shriven,  
 And smoothe his path from earth to heaven! ———— 345

In haste the holy Friar sped; ———— 35  
 His naked foot was dyed with red  
 As through the lists he ran;  
 Unmindful of the shouts on high,  
 That hailed the conqueror's victory.  
 He raised the dying man; ———— 355  
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,  
 As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer;  
 And still the crucifix on high  
 He holds before his darkening eye;  
 And still he bends an anxious ear, ———— 360  
 His faltering penitence to hear;  
 Still props him from the bloody sod,  
 Still, even when soul and body part,  
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,  
 And bids him trust in God! ———— 365  
 Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's o'er!  
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

## XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,  
 Or musing o'er the piteous sight,  
 The silent victor stands; ————— 375  
 His beaver did he not unclasp,  
 Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp  
 Of gratulating hands.  
 When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,  
 Mingled with seeming terror, rise ————— 375  
 Among the Scottish bands;  
 And all, amid the thronged array, *dense crowd*  
 In panic haste gave open way  
 To a half-naked ghastly man,  
 Who downward from the castle ran: ————— 380  
 He crossed the barriers at a bound,  
 And wild and haggard looked around,  
 As dizzy, and in pain;  
 And all, upon the armed ground,  
 Knew William of Deloraine! ————— 385  
 Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;  
 Vaulted each marshal from his steed;  
 'And who art thou,' they cried,  
 'Who hast this battle fought and won?'  
 His plumed-helm was soon undone ————— 390  
 'Cranstoun of Teviotside!  
 For this fair prize I've fought and won,'  
 And to the Ladye led her son.

## XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,  
 And often pressed him to her breast; ————— 395  
 For under all her dauntless show,  
 Her heart had throbb'd at every blow;  
 Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,  
 Though low he kneeled at her feet.  
 Me lists not tell what words were made, ————— 400  
 What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—  
 For Howard was a generous foe—  
 And how the clan united prayed,  
 The Ladye would the feud forego,  
 And deign to bless the nuptial hour ————— 405  
 Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

## XXVI.

She looked to river, looked to hill,  
 Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,  
 Then broke her silence stern and still,—  
 'Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me; ————— 410  
 Their influence kindly stars may shower  
 On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,  
 For pride is quell'd, and love is free.  
 She took fair Margaret by the hand,  
 Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand; ————— 415  
 That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:—  
 'As I am true to thee and thine,  
 Do thou be true to me and mine!  
 This clasp of love our bond shall be;  
 For this is your betrothing day, ————— 420  
 And all these noble lords shall stay,  
 To grace it with their company.'

## XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,  
 Much of the story she did gain;  
 How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine, ————— 425  
 And of his Page, and of the Book,  
 Which from the wounded knight he took:  
 And how he sought her castle high,  
 That morn, by help of gramarye;  
 How, in Sir William's armour dight, ————— 430  
 Stolen by his Page, while slept the knight,  
 He took on him the single fight. *undertook*  
 But half his tale he left unsaid,  
 And lingered till he joined the maid.—  
 Cared not the Ladye to betray ————— 435  
 Her mystic arts in view of day;  
 But well she thought, ere midnight came;  
 Of that strange Page the pride to tame,  
 From his foul hands the Book to save,  
 And send it back to Michael's grave. ————— 440  
 Needs not to tell each tender word  
 'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;  
 Nor how she told of former woes,  
 And how her bosom fell and rose,  
 While he and Musgrave bandied blows. ————— 445

Needs not these lovers' joys to tell;  
 One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

## XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance  
 Had waken'd from his death-like trance;  
 And taught that, in the listed plain, ————— 450  
 Another, in his arms and shield,  
 Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,  
 Under the name of Deloraine.  
 Hence, to the field, unarmed, he ran,  
 And hence his presence scared the clan. ————— 455  
 Who held him for some fleeting wraith,  
 And not a man of blood and breath.  
 Not much this new ally he loved,  
 Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,  
 He greeted him right heartilie: ————— 460  
 He would not waken old debate,  
 For he was void of rancorous hate,  
 Though rude and scant of courtesie;  
 In raids he spilt but seldom blood,  
 Unless when men at arms withstood, ————— 465  
 Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.  
 He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,  
 Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:  
 And so, 'twas seen of him, e'en now,  
 When on dead Musgrave he look'd down; ————— 470  
 Grief darken'd on his rugged brow,  
 Though half disguised with a frown;  
 And thus, while sorrow bent his head,  
 His foeman's epitaph he made:—

## XXIX.

' Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here! ————— 475  
 I ween, my deadly enemy;  
 For, if I slew thy brother dear,  
 Thou slew'st a sister's son to me:  
 And when I lay in dungeon dark,  
 Of Naworth Castle, long months three, ————— 480  
 Till, ransom'd for a thousand mark,  
 Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee,  
 And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,  
 And thou wert now alive, as I,

No mortal man should us divide, ————— 485  
 Till one, or both of us, did die:  
 Yet rest thee God! for well I know,  
 I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.  
 In all the northern counties here,  
 Whose word is, Snaffle, spur, and spear, ————— 490  
 Thou wert the best to follow gear!  
 'Twas pleasure, as we looked behind  
 To see how thou the chase couldst wind,  
 Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,  
 And with the bugle rouse the fray! ————— 495  
 I'd give the lands of Deloraine,  
 Dark Musgrave were alive again.'

## XXX.

So mourned he, till Lord Dacre's band  
 Were bowning back to Cumberland.  
 They raised brave Musgrave from the field, ————— 500  
 And laid him on his bloody shield;  
 On levelled lances, four and four,  
 By turns, the noble burden bore:  
 Before, at times, upon the gale,  
 Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail; ————— 505  
 Behind, four priests, in sable stole,  
 Sung requiem for the warrior's soul;  
 Around, the horsemen slowly rode;  
 With trailing pikes the spearmen trod;  
 And thus the gallant knight they bore, ————— 510  
 Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;  
 Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,  
 And laid him in his father's grave.

The harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,  
 The mimic march of death prolong; ————— 515  
 Now seems it far, and now a-near,  
 Now meets, and now eludes the ear;  
 Now seems some mountain-side to sweep,  
 Now faintly dies in valley deep;  
 Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail, ————— 520  
 Now the sad requiem loads the gale;  
 Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,  
 Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,  
Why he, who touched the harp so well,  
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,  
Wander a poor and thankless soil,  
When the more generous southern land  
Would well requite his skilful hand.

-525

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er  
His only friend, his harp, was dear,  
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high  
Above his flowing poesy;  
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer  
Misprised the land he loved so dear;  
High was the sound, as thus again  
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

530



## CANTO SIXTH.

## I.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd, —

— 5

From wandering on a foreign strand !  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ; —  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf.  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down *dying life*  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung, —  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

-10

## II.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand !  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been, —  
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.

-20

-25

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray, ————— 30  
 Though none should guide my feeble way;  
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
 Although it chill my wither'd cheek;  
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
 Though there, forgotten and alone, ————— 35  
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

## III.

Not scorn'd like me! to Branksome Hall,  
 The Minstrels came, at festive call;  
 Trooping they came, from near and far,  
 The jovial priests of mirth and war; ————— 40  
 Alike for feast and fight prepared,  
 Battle and banquet both they shared.  
 Of late, before each martial clan,  
 They blew their death-note in the van,  
 But now, for every merry mate, ————— 45  
 Rose the portcullis' iron grate;  
 They sound the pipe, they strike the string,  
 They dance, they revel, and they sing,  
 Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

## IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare ————— 50  
 The splendour of the spousal rite,  
 How muster'd in the chapel fair  
 Both maid and matron, squire and knight;  
 Me lists not tell of owches rare,  
 Of mantles green, and braided hair, ————— 55  
 And kirtles furr'd with miniver;  
 What plumage waved the altar round,  
 How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound:  
 And hard it were for bard to speak  
 The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek; ————— 60  
 That lovely hue which comes and flies,  
 As awe and shame alternate rise!

## V.

Some bards have sung, the Lady high  
 Chapel or altar came not nigh;

Nor durst the rites of spousal grace, ————— 65  
 So much she fear'd each holy place.  
 False slanders these:—I trust right well,  
 She wrought not by forbidden spell;  
 For mighty words and signs have power  
 O'er sprites in planetary hour: ————— 70  
 Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,  
 Who tamper with such dangerous art.  
 But this for faithful truth, I say;  
 The Ladye by the altar stood,  
 Of sable velvet her array, ————— 75  
 And on her head a crimson hood,  
 With pearls embroider'd and entwined,  
 Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;  
 A merlin sat upon her wrist,  
 Held by a leash of silken twist, ————— 80

## VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon:  
 'Twas now the merry hour of noon,  
 And in the lofty arched hall  
 Was spread the gorgeous festival.  
 Steward and squire, with heedful haste, ————— 85  
 Marshall'd the rank of every guest;  
 Pages, with ready blade, were there,  
 The mighty meal to carve and share;  
 O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,  
 And princely peacock's gilded train, ————— 90  
 And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,  
 And cygnet from St Mary's wave;  
 O'er ptarmigan and venison,  
 The priest had spoke his benison:  
 Then rose the riot and the din, ————— 95  
 Above, beneath, without, within!  
 For, from the lofty balcony,  
 Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery;  
 Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,  
 Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd: ————— 100  
 Whisper'd young knights, in tones more mild,  
 To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.  
 The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,  
 The clamour join'd with whistling scream,  
 And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells ————— 105  
 In concert with the staghounds' yells.

Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,  
 From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine:  
 Their tasks the busy sewers ply,  
 And all is mirth and revelry. ————— 110

## VII.

'The Goblin Page, omitting still  
 No opportunity of ill,  
 Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,  
 To rouse debate and jealousy;  
 Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein, — — — — — 115  
 By nature fierce, and warm with wine,  
 And now in humour highly cross'd,  
 About some steeds his band had lost,  
 High words to words succeeding still,  
 Smote with his gauntlet stout Hunthill; ————— 120  
 A hot and hardy Rutherford,  
 Whom men call'd Dickon Draw-the-Sword.  
 He took it on the Page's saye,  
 Hunthill had driven these steeds away.  
 Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose, — — — — — 125  
 The kindling discord to compose:  
 Stern Rutherford right little said,  
 But bit his glove, and shook his head.—  
 A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,  
 Stout Conrad, cold, and drench'd in blood, — — — — — 130  
 His bosom gored with many a wound,  
 Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found;  
 Unknown the manner of his death,  
 Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;,  
 But ever from that time, 'twas said, — — — — — 135  
 That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

## VIII.

'The Dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye  
 Might his foul treachery espic,  
 Now sought the castle buttry,  
 Where many a yeoman, bold and free, ————— 140  
 Revell'd as merrily and well  
 As those that sat in lordly selle.  
 Watt Tinnn there did frankly raise  
 The pledge to Arthur Fire the-Braes;

And he, as by his breeding bound, ————— 145  
 To Howard's merry-men sent it round.  
 To quit them on the English side,  
 Red Roland Forster loudly cried,  
 'A deep carouse to yon fair bride!'  
 At every pledge, from vat and pail, ————— 150  
 Foamed forth, in floods, the nut-brown ale:  
 While shout the riders every one:  
 Such day of mirth ne'er cheer'd their clan  
 Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,  
 When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en. ————— 155

## IX.

The wily Page, with vengeful thought,  
 Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew,  
 And swore it should be dearly bought  
 That ever he the arrow drew.  
 First, he the yeoman did molest ————— 160  
 With bitter jibe and taunting jest—  
 Told how he fled at Solway strife,  
 And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife;  
 Then shunning still his powerful arm,  
 At unawares he wrought him harm, ————— 165  
 From trencher stole his choicest cheer,  
 Dash'd from his lips his can of beer;  
 Then, to his knee sly creeping on,  
 With bodkin pierced him to the bone;  
 The venom'd wound and festering joint ————— 170  
 Long after rued that bodkin's point.  
 The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,  
 And board and flagons overturn'd;  
 Riot and clamour wild began—  
 Back to the hall the urchin ran; ————— 175  
 Took in a darkling nook his post  
 And grinn'd and mutter'd, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

## X.

By this, the Dame, lest further fray  
 Should mar the concord of the day,  
 Had bid the minstrels tune their lay. ————— 180  
 And first stept forth old Albert Græme,  
 The Minstrel of that ancient name:

Was none who struck the harp so well,  
 Within the Land Debateable;  
 Well friended too, his hardy kin, ————— 185  
 Whoever lost, were sure to win;  
 They sought the beeves that made their broth,  
 In Scotland and in England both.  
 In homely guise, as nature bade, —————  
 His simple song the Borderer said. ————— 190

## XI.

## ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright  
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall);  
 And she would marry a Scottish knight,  
 For Love will still be lord of all.  
 Blithely they saw the rising sun ————— 195  
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,  
 But they were sad ere day was done, *gone*  
 Though Love was still the lord of all.  
 Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,  
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall; ————— 200  
 Her brother gave but a flask of wine,  
 For ire that Love was lord of all.  
 For she had lands, both meadow and lea,  
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,  
 And he swore her death, ere he would see ————— 205  
 A Scottish knight the lord of all.

## XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,  
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall —  
 When dead in her true love's arms she fell,  
 For Love was still the lord of all. ————— 210  
 He pierced her brother to the heart,  
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;  
 | So perish all would true love part, *where*  
 That Love may still be lord of all !

And then he took the cross divine, ————— 215  
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;  
 And died for her sake in Palestine,  
 So Love was still the lord of all,

Now all ye lovers that faithful prove,  
 The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall; ————— 220  
 Pray for their souls who died for love,  
 For Love shall still be lord of all !

## XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay, —  
 Arose a bard of loftier port;  
 For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay, ————— 225  
 Renowned in haughty Henry's court.  
 There rung thy harp, unrivalled long,  
 Fitztraver of the silver song !  
 The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—  
 Who has not heard of Surrey's fame? ————— 230  
 His was the hero's soul of fire,  
 And his the bard's immortal name,  
 And his was love exalted high  
 By all the glow of chivalry.

## XIV.

They sought together climes afar, ————— 235  
 And oft within some olive grove,  
 When evening came with twinkling star,  
 They sung of Surrey's absent love.  
 His step the Italian peasant staid,  
 And deemed that spirits from on high, ————— 240  
 Round where some hermit saint was laid,  
 Were breathing heavenly melody;  
 So sweet did harp and voice combine,  
 To praise the name of Geraldine.

## XV.

Fitztraver ! O what tongue may say ————— 245  
 The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,  
 When Surrey of the deathless lay, *immortal verse,*  
 Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew ?

CANTO VI.] THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Regardless of the tyrant's frown,  
 His harp called wrath and vengeance down, ————— 250  
 He left for Naworth's iron towers,  
 Windsor's green glades and courtly bowers;  
 And faithful to his patron's name,  
 With Howard still Fitztraver came—  
 Lord William's foremost favourite he, ————— 255  
 And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

- FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;  
 He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,  
 Which told the mystic hour approaching nigh,  
 When wise Cornelius promised by his art ————— 260  
 To show to him the ladye of his heart,  
 Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim;  
 Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,  
 That he should see her form in life and limb,  
 And mark if still she loved, and still she thought of him. — 265

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,  
 To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,  
 Save that before a mirror, huge and high,  
 A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light  
 On mystic implements of magic might; ————— 270  
 On cross, and character, and talisman,  
 And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:  
 For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,  
 As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

-XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror, huge and high, ————— 275  
 Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;  
 And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,  
 Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;  
 Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem  
 To form a lordly and a lofty room, ————— 280  
 Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,  
 Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,  
 And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.



## XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair  
 The slender form which lay on couch of Ind ! -285  
 O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair ;  
 Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined ;  
 All in her night-robe loose, she lay reclined,  
 And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,  
 Some strain, that seem'd her inmost soul to find : -290  
 That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptur'd line,  
 That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

## XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,  
 And swept the goodly vision all away—  
 So royal envy roll'd the murky storm — -295  
 O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.  
 Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant ! Heaven repay  
 On thee, and on thy children's latest line,  
 The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,  
 The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine, -300  
 The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine !

## XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong  
 Applauses of Fitztraver's song ;  
 These hated Henry's name as death,  
 And those still held the ancient faith, -305  
 Then, from his seat, with lofty air,  
 Rose Harold, bard of brave St Clair ;  
 St Clair, who, feasting high at Home, *leaving*  
 Had with that lord to battle come.  
 Harold was born where restless seas — -310  
 Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ; *Stor*  
 Where erst St Clairs held princely sway  
 O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;—  
 Still nods their palace to its fall,  
 Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !— -315  
 Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland rave, *1. Ash*  
 As if grim Odin rode her wave ;  
 And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale, *who sees in you*  
 And throbbing heart, the struggling sail ;

For all of wonderful and wild ————— 320  
 Had rapture for the lonely child.

## XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful  
 In these rude isles might fancy cull;  
 For thither came, in times afar,  
 Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war; ————— 325  
 The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,  
 Skill'd to prepare the raven's food;  
 Kings of the main their leaders brave;  
 Their barks the dragons of the wave.  
 And there, in many a stormy vale, ————— 330  
 The Scald had told his wondrous tale;  
 And many a Runic column high  
 Had witnessed grim idolatry.

## XXIII.

And thus had Harold, in his youth,  
 Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth, ————— 335  
 Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd, <sup>when</sup>  
 Whose monstrous circle girds the world;  
 Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell  
 Maddens the battle's bloody swell;  
 Of chiefs, who, guided through the gloom ————— 340  
 By the pale death-lights of the tomb,  
 Ransacked the graves of warriors old,  
 Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold,  
 Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,  
 And bade the dead arise to arms! ————— 345  
 With war and wonder all on flame,  
 To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,  
 Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,  
 He learned a milder minstrelsy:  
 Yet something of the Northern spell ————— 350  
 Mixed with the softer numbers well. *style*

## XXIV.

## HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!  
 No haughty feat of arms I tell;

Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle. 355

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!  
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white; 360  
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;  
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,  
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view  
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay; 365  
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;  
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
To-night at Roslin leads the ball;  
But that my ladye-mother there 370  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindesay at the ring rides well;  
But that my sire the wine will chide,  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle. 375

O'er Roslin all that dreary night  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,  
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock, 380  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin's chiefs unc coffin'd lie; 385  
Each baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,  
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale;  
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound, ————— 390  
 And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
 The lordly line of high St Clair. ————— 395

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle:  
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St Clair was buried there, ————— 400  
 With candle, with book, and with knell;  
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,  
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

## XXV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,  
 Scarce marked the guests the darken'd hall, ———  
 Though, long before the sinking day,  
 A wondrous shade involved them all:  
 It was not eddying mist or fog,  
 Drained by the sun from fen or bog;  
 Of no eclipse had sages told; ————— 410  
 And yet, as it came on apace,  
 Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,  
 Could scarce his own stretched hand, behold.  
 A secret horror checked the feast,  
 And chill'd the soul of every guest; ————— 415  
 Even the high Dame stood half aghast,  
 She knew some evil on the blast;  
 The elvish Page fell to the ground,  
 And, shuddering, mutter'd, 'Found! found! found!'

## XXVI.

Then sudden through the darken'd air ————— 420  
 A flash of lightning came;

So broad, so bright, so red the glare,  
 The castle seem'd on flame;  
 Glanced every rafter of the hall,  
 Glanced every shield upon the wall, ————— 425  
 Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,  
 Were instant seen, and instant gone;  
 Full through the guests' bedazzled band  
 Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,  
 And filled the hall with smouldering smoke, ————— 430  
 As on the elvish Page it broke.  
 It broke with thunder long and loud,  
 Dismayed the brave, appall'd the proud,  
 From sea to sea the larum rung;  
 On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal, ————— 435  
 To arms the startled warders sprung.  
 When ended was the dreadful roar,  
 The elvish Dwarf was seen no more!

## XXVII.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,  
 Some saw a sight, not seen by all; ————— 440  
 That dreadful voice was heard by some,  
 Cry, with loud summons, 'GYLBIN, COME!'  
 And on the spot where burst the brand,  
 Just where the Page had flung him down,  
 Some saw an arm, and some a hand, ————— 445  
 And some the waving of a gown.  
 The guests in silence pray'd and shook,  
 And terror dimmed each lofty look:  
 But none of the astonish'd train  
 Was so dismay'd as Deloraine; ————— 450  
 His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,  
 'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;  
 For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,  
 Like him, of whom the story ran,  
 Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man. ————— 455  
 At length, by fits, he darkly told  
 With broken hint, and shuddering col-  
 That he had seen, right certainly,  
*A shape with amice wrapped around,*  
*With a wrought Spanish baldric bound, ————— 460*  
*Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;*

And knew—but how it mattered not—  
It was the wizard, Michael Scott. L

## XXVIII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,  
All trembling, heard the wondrous tale; 465  
No sound was made, no word was spoke,  
Till noble Angus silence broke :  
And he a solemn sacred plight  
Did to St Bride of Douglas make,  
That he a pilgrimage would take ----- 470  
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake  
Of Michael's restless sprite.  
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,  
To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd :  
Some to St Modan made their vows, ----- 475  
Some to St Mary of the Lowes,  
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,  
Some to Our Ladye of the Isle; *emphatic*  
Each did his patron witness make,  
That he such pilgrimage would take, ----- 480  
And monks should sing, and bells should toll,  
All for the weal of Michael's soul.  
While vows were ta'en, and prayers were prayed,  
'Tis said the noble Dame, dismay'd,  
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid. -----

## XXIX.

Naught of the bridal will I tell,  
Which after in short space befell;  
Nor how brave sons, and daughters fair, *by the way*  
Bless'd Teviot's Flower and Cranstoun's heir :  
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain ----- 490  
To wake the note of mirth again :  
More meet it were to mark the day  
Of penitence and prayer divine,  
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,  
Sought Melrose' holy shrine ----- 495

## XXX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,  
 And arms enfolded on his breast,  
 Did every pilgrim go;  
 The standers-by might hear *uneath*,  
 Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath, ————— 500  
 Through all the lengthen'd row:  
 No lordly look, no martial stride;  
 Gone was their *glory*, sunk their pride,  
 Forgotten their renown;  
 Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide ————— 505  
 To the high altar's hallow'd side,  
 And there they kneel'd them down:  
 Above the suppliant chieftains wave  
 The banners of departed brave;  
 Beneath the letter'd stones were laid ————— 510  
 The ashes of their fathers dead;  
 From many a garnish'd niche around,  
 Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

## XXXI.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,  
 With sable cowl and scapular, ————— 515  
 And snow-white stoles, in order due,  
 The holy Fathers, two and two,  
 In long procession came;  
 Taper, and host, and book they bare,  
 And holy banner, flourish'd fair ————— 520  
 With the Redeemer's name;  
 Above the prostrate pilgrim band  
 The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,  
 And bless'd them as they kneel'd;  
 With holy cross he signed them all, ————— 525  
 And pray'd they might be sage in hall,  
 And fortunate in field.  
 Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,  
 And solemn requiem for the dead;  
 And bells tolled out their mighty peal, ————— 530  
 For the departed spirit's weal;  
 And ever in the office close  
 The hymn of intercession rose,

And far the echoing aisles prolong  
 The awful burthen of the song, ————— 535  
     DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,  
     SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;  
 While the pealing organ rung;  
     Were it meet with sacred strain  
     To close my lay, so light and vain, ————— 540  
 Thus the holy Fathers sung:—

## HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day? ————— 545

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
 The flaming heavens together roll;  
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day, ————— 550  
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
 Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,  
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone.  
 And did he wander forth alone? ————— 555  
 Alone, in indigence and age,  
 To linger out his pilgrimage? *was he not joyful, young*  
 No:—close beneath proud Newark's tower,  
 Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;  
 A simple hut; but there was seen ————— 560  
 The little garden edged with green,  
 The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.  
 There, shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,  
 Oft heard the tale of other days;  
 For much he loved to ope his door, ————— 565  
 And give the aid he begg'd before.  
 So passed the winter's day! but still,  
 When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,



And July's eve, with balmy breath,  
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath; ————— 570  
When throstles sung in Hairhead-shaw,  
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,  
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,  
The aged Harper's soul awoke!  
Then would he sing achievements high, ————— 575  
And circumstance of chivalry,  
Till the rapt traveller would stay,  
Forgetful of the closing day;  
And noble youths, the strain to hear,  
Forsook the hunting of the deer; ————— 580  
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,  
Bore burthen to the Minstrel's song.

## NOTES.

### INTRODUCTION.

2. *Minstrel*—a word of French origin, but ultimately through the late Latin diminutive *ministrellus*, from *minister*, a servant. It originally denoted one of the class of wandering musicians who performed at public gatherings. Here it is used in a higher sense, as equivalent to the earlier *scop* (Anglo-Saxon) or wandering poet, who accompanies his rhythmical recitation on the harp.
4. *Seemed*—probably by the traces of more careful tending which they showed.
7. *Bards*. This word was applied among the ancient Celtic tribes (*i.e.* the Gauls, ancient Britons, and Irish) to a class of the Druids who devoted themselves to celebrating in song the great deeds of their warlike fellow-countrymen. They are mentioned in many ancient writers; for example, the geographer Strabo (first century A.D.), Diodorus Siculus, Athenæus; and Ammianus Marcellinus (historian of the Roman emperors, fourth century A.D.), bk. xv, ch. 9, says: 'Et bardī quidem fortia virorum illustrium facta heroicis composita versibus cum dulcibus lyre modulīs cantarunt' ('Now the bards sang the brave deeds of their famous men to sweet measures on the harp'). Spenser, again, in his *View of the Present State of Ireland* (1598), speaks thus of them (p. 640): 'There is amongst the Irish a certayne kind of people called bards, which are to them insteede of poetts, whose profession is to sett forth the prayses and disprayses of men in theyr poems and rimes; the which are had in soe high request and estimation amongst them that none dare to displease them for feare of running into reproche through theyr offence, and to be made infamous in the mouthes of all men.' For theyr verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually songe at all feasts and meetings by certayne other persons, whose proper function that is, which also receave for the same greate rewardes and reputation besides.' Hence it has come to be used in English poetry simply as equivalent to poet.

8. *Chivalry*—here adventure on horseback; the contests waged between the dwellers on the borderland of Scotland and England. *Chivalry* from French *cheval*, a horse, which itself is derived from Latin *caballus*, distinguished from *equus* as being a beast of burden. It was not until 1607 (after the accession of James VI of Scotland to the English throne) that a formal end was put by Act of Parliament to the Border feuds.
9. *Well-a-day*. This interjection was in older English *wala wa*; the first part *well* is for *wel* (woe) and *la* (an exclamation of lament). Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, III, ii, uses this form, 'Ah, well-a-day! he's dead! alack the day! he's gone!'
10. *Date*—period, age in which they flourished. This use of *date* is only found in poetry.
11. *Palfrey*—opposed to a charger or horse fit for battle, through French *palefroi*, from late Latin *paraveredus*. The word appears in modern German as *pferd*, the regular name for horse of all kinds.
12. *High placed*—i.e. honoured with a seat on the elevated dais.
13. *Unpremeditated*—a recollection of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, ix, 24:  
 '(My celestial patroness) inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse.'
20. The date of the setting of the story is some time after the revolution of 1688, in the reign of William and Mary. The earlier Puritan ideas had again obtained the ascendancy which they lost on the Restoration of 1660.
27. Newark, now a ruinous square tower on the banks of the Yarrow, about three miles from Selkirk, was built by James II.
28. *Birchen*—remnant of the old adjectival termination, now used only in *wooden, oaken, earthen*, etc.
29. *Wistful*—originally sadly, here used for 'with a longing look.' Some editions read *wishful*, which is used in the *Spectator*, No. 258, 'You can't behold a covetous spirit walk by a goldsmith's shop without casting a *wishful* eye at the heaps on the counter.'
32. *Embattled*—crowned with a battlement, and protected by a portcullis or grating let down from above.
37. Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, was married to the Duke of Monmouth in 1665, who was executed on Tower Hill in July 1685, for share in the rebellion which goes by his name. The duchess survived till 1732. The attainder passed on the duke did not take place in Scotland. Macaulay in the fifth chapter of his *History* tells the story of the rebellion and fate of Monmouth.
39. *Menials*—attendants; old French *meisnee*, Latin *minores natu.* inferiors.

49. *Earl Francis and Earl Walter*—(father and grandfather of the duchess.

57. *The sooth to speak*. *Sooth*, the modern *truth*; Anglo-Saxon *sōð*. This use of the infinitive in this very phrase is common in old romances, e.g. *Sir Clerges*, 67;

So at the last, the sooth to say,  
All his good was spent awaye.

*Richard Cœur de Lion*, 3127 :

‘The sothe to say and nought to hele (conceal).’

78. *Churls* and *earls*. The same antithesis is found in the oldest forms of these words, Anglo-Saxon *ceorl* and *eorl*; *ceorl* the freeman, *eorl* the noble. In later times the word *churl* came from not being nobly born to mean rude, uncivilised.

80. Charles I paid a visit to Scotland in June 1633. ‘The pageant-tries for the occasion appeared to have been much more gorgeous than any previously offered in Scotland even to royalty, for the country had thriven in half a century of peace. . . . The ceremony of the king’s coronation passed with great state and solemnity in the Abbey Church of Holyrood House’—J. H. Burton’s *History of Scotland*, vi, p. 90.

## CANTO I.

1. *Branksome Castle* (or *Branhholm*) lies on the Teviot about three miles above Hawick. In 1570 the castle was destroyed by English troops, but was rebuilt in the following year by Sir Walter Scott of Branhholm.
2. *Bower*—Anglo-Saxon *būr*, from *būwan*, to inhabit—was the name for the women’s apartments in an ancient castle.
3. *Spell*—magical incantation. Anglo-Saxon *spel* (neuter), Gothic *spill*, story.
5. *Jesu Maria*—with omission of *and*. The same phrase was used shortly before (1797) by Coleridge in his *Christabel*, part i:  

‘Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!’

 and part ii:  

‘(She) looked aunkance at Christabel,  
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well!’
6. *Wight*—being (Anglo-Saxon *wiht*, creature), now obsolete.
- 1b. *Save*—except, from French *salve*, sometimes governs the accusative, sometimes the nominative. Byron’s *Child Harold*, iv,

182: 'Thy shores are empires, changed in all *save* thee;' and 1 *Kings* iii, 18: 'There was no stranger with us in the house, *save* we two.' In modern prose *saving* is used.

8. *Drawn*—withdrawn, removed; so Shakespeare uses the simple verb, 2 *Henry IV*, II, i, 162: '*Draw* the action.'
10. *Idlesse*—now obsolete, for *idleness*. Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* (in which he intentionally uses archaic words), canto 1, st. 5:

'Naught but shadowy forms were seen to move,  
As *idlesse* fancied in her dreaming mood.'

13. *Rushy floor*—rushes were strewn on the floor as a substitute for carpets.
14. *Dreams*.—The same phenomenon was observed long ago by Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, lib. iv, 991:

'Venanturque canes in molli sæpe quiete  
Iaciant crura tamen subito, vocisque repente  
Mittunt, et crebro reddunt naribus auras,  
Ut vestigia si teneant inventa ferarum,  
Expergetaque secuntur insania sæpe  
Cervorum simulacra, fugæ quas dediti cequant,  
Donec discussis redeant erroribus ad se.'

Thus translated by Munro: 'And often during soft repose, the dogs of hunters do yet all at once throw about their legs, and suddenly utter cries, and repeatedly snuff the air with their nostrils, as though they had found and were on the track of wild beasts; and after they are awake often chase the shadowy idols of stags, as though they saw them in full flight, until they have shaken off their delusions and come to themselves again.'

16. Satchells, the historian of the family, informs us of the names of twenty-four gentlemen of the name of Scott, who were ready at the service of the Lord of Brankholm.
29. *Corslet*—a piece of armour worn round the body, through French *cors*, from Latin *corpus*, the body.
30. *Buckler*—shield, so named from the boss in the middle, into which there was often screwed a spike. French *bouclier*, low Latin *bucula scuti*, which again comes from *bucula*, diminutive of *bucca*, the cheek from the roundness.
33. The helmet, provided with a visor which moved up and down, was usually laid aside, except when the knight was engaged in actual combat; even on a journey where there might be some danger it was often carried on the saddle behind the horseman, who, on the approach of danger, armed himself with it. The fact that the knights of Branksome ate with their helmets on is brought forward as a proof of their continual readiness.
35. *Beck*—nod or sign, shortened form of *beacon*; Anglo-Saxon *betēcnian*.

36. *Wight*—strong. This epithet occurs applied to a horse in the Scottish ballad of *Reedisdale and Wise William*, stanza 23: 'He turned his *wight* horse' head about.' In Barbour's *Bruce* it is a favourite epithet of his heroes, ii, 164:

'Men mycht haiff seyn into that thrang  
Knychtis that *wycht* and hardy war.'

The word is probably derived from Anglo-Saxon *wīg*, warfare; *wiga*, a warrior.

38. *Barbed*—furnished with a protection for the forehead with a spike projecting from it. When used of horse armour, it is also spelt *barded*, and this agrees with the Italian *barba* and Old French *barde*. Spelt with *b*, and applied to darts, it would be derived from Latin *barba*, the beard.
39. *Jedwood axe*—a battle-axe with a long staff. According to Jean Froissart, the French historian, the Scots, who were not able to cope with their neighbours in the use of the clothyard shaft and bow, excelled in the use of the long battle-axe. The wood for the handles was got from the forest of Jedburgh or Jeddart. Barbour, in describing an expedition made into Scotland by a 'Schyr Thomas,' says (bk. xi, line 359):

'He gaderyt folk about him then  
Quhill he wes ner thousand men;  
And wod axys gert with him tak:  
For he thought he his men wald mak  
To hew Jedwort forrest 'a clene  
That na tre suld tharin be sene.'

42. *Dight*—prepared; Anglo-Saxon *dihltan*, to prepare. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II, c. i, st. 18:

'But under him a gray steede he dld wield,  
Whose sides with dapled circles weren *dight*.'

48. *Blanksome Castle* was, from its position and the warlike character of its inhabitants, continually exposed to raids on the part of the English.
58. *Lord Walter*, the Warden of the West Marches of Scotland, succeeded to his grandfather in 1492. See note on line 321.
61. *Dunedin* is the Gaelic form of Edinburgh. *Dun* means hill; Anglo-Saxon *beorh*.
62. *Falchions*—originally a kind of crooked sword or scimitar, from Latin *falx*, a reaping hook.
63. *Slogan*—the war-cry of a clan, from Celtic words meaning 'the horn of battle.' In the Border ballad of *Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead*, the slogan of Blanksome is given thus:

'Th. Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,  
Sae starkly and sae steadylin!  
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang  
Was—"Rise for Blanksome steadylin!"'

69. The Scotts and Kerrs agreed each to make four great pilgrimages of Scotland for the sake of the souls of those who had fallen in their feuds.
83. *Source*, etc. Compare Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, line 94: 'Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'
113. *Bezhune's line*, or *Beatoun*, traced their origin to France, to the province of Picardy.
115. *Padua*, in North Italy, was much frequented in the Middle Ages by students of astrology and the occult sciences.
119. *St Andrew's Hall* was in the first edition *St Kentigern's Hall*.
120. It was the belief that magicians lost, by their compact with the evil one, the power of casting a shadow. Use is made of this superstition in Adalbert v. Chamisso's story of *Peter, Schlemihl*.
131. *Scaur*—a steep place on the side of a hill, from which the rain has washed away the soil and left it bare; from the Anglo-Saxon *scædre*, rubbed away, clean.
137. *Ban-dogs*—i.e. fierce dogs kept confined by chains. The epithet is explained by the Scottish ballad of *Johnnie of Bredalce*:

' Johnnie rose up on a May morning,  
 Called for water to wash his hands;  
 "Gae loove to me the gudie grey dogs  
 That are bound with iron bands."

16. *Bay and howl*. The lower animals, especially dogs, were held to have the power of perceiving many things hidden to men. So in Coleridge's *Christabel* (part 1), where Christabel is bringing the Lady Geraldine into the castle:

' The mastiff old did not awake,  
 Yet she an angry moan did make.'

'It appears remarkable that dogs have the power of seeing spirits, and that they recognise the approaching Divinity, even when He remains concealed to the eye of men. . . . In the *Odyssey*, xvi, 160, no one recognises Athene but Odysseus and the dogs'—Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 555.

150. In the northern mythology the mountains and rivers and lakes were believed to be inhabited by supernatural beings named elves and nixies. As being of higher nature than men, the elves and dwarfs had the power of prophecy.
151. *Fell*—the mountain. This word is only used in Northern England and Scotland. It is derived from the Old Icelandic *fjall*, a mountain. In the ballad of the *Battle of Otterbourne* it is said of Douglas:

'And three good towers on Reidswire *fells*  
 He left them all on fire.'

It is in very common use in names like Cauldclench Fell, Greatmoor Fell, Tudhope Fell, all in Roxburghshire.

156. *Elves* (Anglo-Saxon *ælf*, Old Norse *alf*, Old High German *alp*)—supernatural beings, usually represented in English legend as small and friendly to man; in Scottish tradition they are also known as *brownies*, and this name points back to an ancient division into light and dark spirits (see Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 368).

- Ib. Morrice* (also spelt *morris*)—a kind of dance so named from being borrowed from the Moors, among whom the dancers were adorned with bells, which sounded as they moved. Shakespeare uses the word for the place of dancing, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, 1, where Titania, the fairy queen, is reproaching Oberon for introducing dissension among the fairies:

'The nine men's *morris* is filled up with mud,  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green  
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.'

The midnight dances of the fairies are thus alluded to by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i, 781:

'Fairy elves  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
Wheels her pale course: they on their mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.'

The allusions to this in the older writers are innumerable; take, as example, Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, IV, 1: 'Like elves and fairies in a ring;' and Chaucer, *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, i:

'In olde dayes of the Kyng Arthour,  
Of which that Britouns spoken gret honour,  
All was this lond fulfilled of fayrie:  
The elf-queen, with hir joly compaignye,  
Dauncede ful oft in many a grene mede.'

161. *List*—listen to.

170. *Arthur's wain*. The constellation known as the Plough was, in the Germanic languages, called the *wain* (Anglo-Saxon *waegn*), which also appears in modern English as *waggon*. On the Continent, in Sweden, and in England, it was distinguished as *Charles' wain* (Swedish *Karlswagn*) after the great Kaiser, Charles the Great (Charlemagne). So Shakespeare, *Henry IV*, II, 1: 'Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed.' Similarly the appellation *Arthur's wain* must be referred to the half-



- mythical British king Arthur, though no doubt the similarity of the Greek Arcturus has helped in fixing the name.
173. *Orion*—the middle syllable is long. In Greek all the syllables are long (*Ἀρίων*).
177. *Influence*. Astrology, the science which professed to read the effect of the planets in their varying positions on human affairs, has left modern language many legacies, such as this word, *influence*, *disaster*, *joyal*, *mercurial*, etc.
191. This is a commonplace in all languages to express an impossibility.
197. *Moss-trooper* was the name applied to those on both sides of the Border, who regularly engaged in marauding expeditions against their neighbours. The first part of the word comes from the fact that in their predatory incursions they were compelled to avoid the highways and ride across country.
198. *Truncheon*—the staff of a spear, from French *tronçon*, with same meaning, which again is derived from Latin *truncus*, the limb of a tree with the leaves stripped off.
200. *Forsay*—predatory inroad. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iii, canto iii, st. 58, accents the word on the last syllable: 'A band of Britons, ryding on *forsay*;' and bk. vi, canto xi, st. 42:

' In dead of night when all the theeves did rest  
After a late *forsay*.'

- This spelling and accentuation point to a derivation from French *fouirage*; another form of the same word is *forage*.
207. The apparent want of a syllable in this line is due to the strongly trilled pronunciation of the letter *r* in *unicorn*. So in Shakespeare the *r* often counts for a syllable; *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv, 2: 'After the prompter for our entrance.' See A. Y. Ellis, *Early English Pronunciation*, p. 951.
- 207, 208. *Unicorn . . . Crescent*—in allusion to the crests of the Kerrs and Buccleuchs.
215. The following description of some at least of the clan of Scott is taken from the *Sang of the Outlaw Murray*, st. 53:
- ' Then out and spake the noble king,  
And round him cast a while e'e;  
" Now haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,  
Nor speak of reif nor felonie;  
For had every honest man his own kye,  
A right purr clan thy name would be."
223. *Tide*—season; Anglo-Saxon *tīd*, modern German *zeit*.
226. *Matin prime*—i.e. earliest morning.
230. These would be Edward VI and Queen Mary, as the scene of the poem is laid in the middle of the sixteenth century.
233. *Stint*—i.e. cease, desist from (Anglo-Saxon *astytan*); very common in Spenser. Compare Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iii: 'And, pretty fool, it *stinted* and said "Ay."

249. *Lorn*—lost. In Anglo-Saxon there are two forms of the verb *lebsan* and *leoran*; the *s* has passed into *r*. An exactly similar phenomenon is observable in the modern *verlieren*, contrasted with the Middle High German *verliesen*, to lose.
253. '*Gan*. This use of '*gan* (began) is borrowed from the old romances, where it is very frequent. *Sir Tristrem*, i, 10:

'To hir maistresse sche '*gan* say  
'That hye was boun to go.'

258. *Neck-verse*. The clergy (and this expression is to be taken in its widest acceptance, as including all the learned) were formerly exempted from capital punishment. Criminals who wished to prove their claim to the exemption usually demanded a book at the place of execution, and read a portion of the Latin Bible, usually some verses of the 51st Psalm, beginning '*Miserere mei, Domine*.'

*16. Hairibee*—the name of the gallows-hill at Carlisle. Allusions to this place are common in the mouths of freebooters on the Borders. See the ballad *Dick o' the Cow*, st. 14:

'There is my trowth, and my right hand;  
My head shall hang on *Hairibee*.'

It was used even down to the rebellion of 1715 and '45. See *Redgauntlet*, ch. viii: 'I thought ye had been hanged at Kennington Common, or *Hairibee*, or some of these places.'

261. *Barbican*—protection of the outer gate; it also means generally any low battlemented wall (French *barbacane*). It may be noticed that nearly all the words connected with defences of a castle, names of pieces of armour, etc., are derived from the French, the older native words having been for the most part driven out.
264. *Basnet*—a small flat helmet, shaped not unlike a basin (French *bassin*). The mistake of Don Quixote (part i, bk. iii, ch. 7) in taking the barber's basin for Mambrino's helmet is intelligible.
265. *Perl*—a small square tower, built for the protection of flocks and herds during Border forays.
266. Borthwick Water, formed by the junction of three burns, falls into the Teviot, two miles above Hawick. In parts it forms the boundary between Roxburgh and Selkirk.
267. *Moat-hill*—hill of meeting (Anglo-Saxon *mōt*, assembly, as in *witena-gemōt*), an artificial round heap of earth near Hawick.
272. *Hazeldean*—usually spelt *Hassendeane*.
278. *Tinkling* is here no merely ornamental epithet; the sound of the brook guided the horseman in the darkness.
282. *Roman way*. The Watling Street of the earliest English ran through the county of Roxburghshire, crossing the Teviot at Mount Teviot; at the Eildons there was a military station called Trimontium.

286. The sword was fastened in the sheath by a small strap to prevent it falling out while riding. The horseman is now crossing hostile country, and makes every preparation to resist a possible attack.
288. *Barnhill* is said to have been a robber who, when placed beyond the pale of the law, took refuge in the cliffs of Minto.
298. An allusion to a song by Sir Gilbert Elliot (1729-1777), brother of Miss Jean Elliot, the authoress of the *Flowers of the Forest*.
311. *Barded*. See note on line 38.
- 1b. *Counter*—that part of a horse between the shoulders and under the neck.
316. *Daggled*—made to hang heavily. In Old English, the participle *bidagged* means splashed, and seems to be connected with Anglo-Saxon *deawian*, to bedew.
321. In the year 1527, Sir Walter Scott made an attempt, which was nearly successful, at the king's own request, to take James V., then a minor, from the custody of the Earl of Angus.
334. Melrose was founded by David I in 1136.
337. *Curfew* (French *couvre-feu*)—evening bell.
341. *That wild harp*—the Æolian harp, an arrangement of harp wires fitted in a frame, and placed in an opening of a window through which a current of air can pass freely. Æolus was the god of the winds. The following description is given in Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, i, 40:

'A certain music, never known before,  
Here lulls the pensive melancholy mind;  
Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,  
But sidelong to the gently waving wind  
To lay the well tuned instrument reclined;  
From which with airy flying fingers light,  
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,  
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight,  
Whence with just cause the Harp of Æolus it hight.'

## CANTO II.

4. *Flout*—insult; Anglo-Saxon *flitan*. *But*—here only.
6. *Oriel*—a projecting window, usually with three sides, divided by two mullions.
12. Compare Gray's elegy:
- 'Many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.'
15. *The while*—at that time. Anglo-Saxon *hwile* is originally a substantive, now used mostly as a temporal conjunction.

16. *St David*—David I of Scotland, the founder of the abbey. 'On account, it must be supposed, of the many religious establishments connected with his name, he is sometimes called St David, but he was never canonised; and as a regular process of canonisation had been established before his day, he could not appear in the calendar like those saints of earlier times who had been voted into it by acclamation'—J. H. Burton, *History of Scotland*, i, p. 441.
17. *Soothly*—truly, with sincerity; Anglo-Saxon *sōðlic*.
20. *Rocked*—cared for. Byron, *Bride of Abydos*, i, 70: 'We Moslem *reck* not much of blood.' The idiom is very old; in the *Exeter Book* (cxix, 30) we read: 'Gif þu pines feores rēce' (if thou care for thy life). Anglo-Saxon *ræcan*.
29. *Livinges*—glebes, endowments of religious bodies to support them.
39. *Aventayle*—the movable part of the helmet made with bars, through which the wearer could breathe. French *eventail*, a fan; *vantail*, a folding-door; Italian *ventaglia*, the visor of a helmet—all from Latin *ventus*, wind.
60. *Drie*—pass in suffering; Anglo-Saxon *adrebgan* and *drebgian*, to endure—is a very common word in Scotch. Compare the ballad of *Lord Ingram and Child Vyet*, st. 39:
- 'Oh, get to me a cloak of cloth,  
A staff of good hard tree:  
If I have been an ill woman,  
Sore penance I shall drie.'
64. *Prayer* must here be pronounced in two syllables.
66. *Ave Mary*—an invocation to the Virgin; *ave* (Latin), hail
77. *Cloister'd round*—surrounded with arched cells; Latin *claustra*.
86. The Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. The rays move from east to west, and change their size.
88. The use of the dart, or light javelin, in mimic warfare was borrowed by the Castilians from the Moors, among whom it was a favourite weapon. Its use still continues in Syria, where it is called *jerrid*.
94. *Postern*—a small door, originally at the back of a building; Latin *posticus*.
95. *Chancel* was the portion of the church which was screened off from the nave, and in which service was performed.
99. *Fleur-de-lys*—a conventional representation of three lilies, formerly the emblem of the kings of France.
10. *Quatre-feuille*—a Gothic ornament, consisting of four leaves arranged symmetrically.
100. *Corbels*—ornamental brackets, from which arches spring, usually carved in the form of baskets; from French *corbeille*, a basket; Latin *corbis*.
104. *Scutcheon*, also spelt *escutcheon*, is the shield of a family on which the arms are emblazoned. Norman-French *escusson*, from Latin *scutum*, shield.

106. *Pale*—enclosure; Latin *palus*, a stake. So Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 156:

'But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloisters' *pale*,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy-proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.'

109. The battle of Otterburne was fought on the 15th August 1388 between Harry Percy and James, Earl Douglas. Percy was made prisoner, but the Scots lost their leader Douglas.  
110. William Douglas, sheriff of Teviotdale, in the reign of David II.  
125. *Triumphant Michael*. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi, 320:

'But the sword  
Of Michael from the armoury of God  
Was given him tempered, so that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half-cut sheer; nor stayed  
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shared  
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,' etc.

130. *Scottish monarch*—Alexander II.

133. *Paynim*—pagan, heathen.

138. *Michael Scott*—Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie, was astrologer to the great Kaiser, Frederick II (1194-1250). His prophecies were said to have been in many cases fulfilled long after his death. Dante (*Inferno*, xx, 116) mentions him, among the famous diviners, in terms that would lead us to suppose he had seen him.

'Quell' altro che ne' fianchi è così poco,  
Nichele Scotto fu, che veramente  
Delle magiche frode seppe il giuoco.'

- ('That other one who is so small about the flanks was Michael Scott; and verily he knew the game of magic frauds.') He or his son was one of those sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland on the death of Alexander III.

140. *Salamanca* was a famous school of learning in Spain in the Middle Ages.

141. *Him list*—he cared to; Anglo-Saxon *lystan*. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I, vii, 35:

'And when *him list* the rackall routes appall,  
Men unto stones *herewith* he could transnew.'

142. *Notre Dame* is the cathedral church of Paris.

145. These were two of the tasks said to have been imposed by Michael Scott on an attendant spirit for whom he had to find work.

184. It was formerly believed that in some old sepulchres there had

been found lamps which had burned for hundreds of years  
The method of preparing such lamps was part of the magical art

196. *Amasn*—with strength, powerfully, Anglo-Saxon *a*, preposition, *mægen*, strength  
214. *Amice*—the undermost part of a priest's garments, then the characteristic garb of a pilgrim. So Milton, *Paradise Regained*, III

'Morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps in *amice* gray'

Latin *amictus*, clothing

215. *Baldric*—richly ornamented belt, Latin *balticus*.  
221. *Fellest*—cruellest, most terrible.  
236. *Death prayer*—prayer for the soul of Michael  
238. *Speed thee*—may what you have to do succeed *Thee* is dative after the impersonal verb *speed* (Anglo Saxon *spēdan*) In the Old English translation of the Bible, *Matt* v, 29, 'It speedeth to thee'=it profiteth; and Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, II, III, uses the same phrase 'Blossom, speed thee well'—where *thee* does not stand for *thou*, but is the true dative.  
264. *Hue thee*—haste thee; Anglo Saxon *hætan* In Old English translation of *Ps* lxxix, 2 'High thu the'  
282. *Faen*—glad, Anglo-Saxon *faegen*.  
329. Note the omission of the relative  
334. *Ween*—hope, think, Anglo-Saxon *wēnan*  
352. *Eld*—old age, antiquity, Anglo-Saxon *ældre* The word is now obsolete  
353. The story of the Baron's Dwarf is taken from a popular superstition long current on the Borders In the *Faerie Queene* (I, i) the Lady Una is attended by a dwarf  
358. *A hunting*—hunting is not here the present participle, as might be supposed at first sight, but a verbal noun. The *a* is equivalent to *on*.  
366. *Whit*—degree. The word (Anglo Saxon *whīt*) also appears in the latter part of *ought* (Anglo Saxon *a whīt*) and *nau, hit* (*nā whīt*).  
367. *Rade*—rode So in Anglo Saxon *rode* is the later form Spenser uses *rad*.  
377. *Litherie*—malicious Anglo Saxon *lyðer*, modern German *liederlich*, means dissolute  
381. *An*—if; sometimes written *and*, as in the old editions of Shakespeare  
*To Ministry*—service, assistance. **D**  
390. This attempt is really historical It took place in 1557.  
403. *Good green wood*—a standing phrase in the old ballads  
421. *Velez*—a town in Spain north east of Malaga, two miles distant from the sea

## CANTO III.

22. *Don*—put on, do on: as *doff*=do off. On the whole line, see note on Canto I, 33.
24. *Pricking*—riding, a word common to the old romances. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I, i, 1: 'A gentle knight was pricking on the plain.'
34. *Rest*—support in front of the saddle for holding the shaft of the long spear. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, 1744: 'In goth the speres ful sadly in *arest*.'
40. *Each was other's*. This line shows the original use of *each other*, and the separate use of the two elements. This, the original usage, as in Anglo-Saxon, is now preserved only in poetry. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, iii: 'Let us speak our free hearts *each to other*' (Anglo-Saxon *ælc to ððrum*); and Tennyson, *Holy Grail*, 45: 'And staring *each at other* like dumb men.'
49. *Couched*—laid his spear in its rest; French *coucher*.
53. *Lent*—very often in ballads for giving a blow, from the notion that it would always be repaid.
57. *Ash-spear*. The wood of the ash has, from its toughness, always been a favourite material for the shafts of spears. In the *Iliad*, *eumeliôs* (of the good ash-spear) is an epithet of a warrior; and in the oldest English, *asc* by itself means spear.
58. *Flinders*—fragments, splinters. In the *Battle of Otterbourne*, st. 28, we read:

'The moon was clear, the day grew near,  
The spears in *flinders* flew;  
But mony a gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.'

61. *Jack*—short overcoat of mail; Italian *giaco*, French *jaque*.
16. *Atton*—a leather jacket worn under the coat of mail.
73. *Bade to*. Usually the preposition is omitted after this verb, but is found with it in Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III, i: 'The law of friendship bids one to conceal.' This usage extends very far back in Old English.
82. *Shrift*—absolution; the time allowed for religious exercises before death will be shortened.
84. *Abode*—remained (Anglo-Saxon *abidan*, past *bād*); is also conjugated regularly *abided*.
90. *Book-bosom'd*—carrying in the folds of his gown a book.
103. *Glamour*—enchantment, delusion.
108. *Sheeling*—cottage; used in the shorter form *shiel* by Collins, *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands*, 48:

'Or whether sitting in the shepherd's *shiel*,  
Thou hearst some sounding tale of war's alarms.'

It is connected with the Old Norse *skjáli*, a house.

116. A disproportionately large head is the mark of the beings known as brownies. In the *Black Dwarf*, Scott thus describes the person who gives his name to the novel, ch. iv: 'His head was of uncommon size, covered with a fell of shaggy hair, partly grizzled with age.'
125. *Mot*—might, an archaism only surviving in the poetical language; Anglo-Saxon *meahte*, Old English *mought*, and, with loss of the guttural preceding the *t*, *mot*. Compare the change in pronunciation of *ought*, *night*, etc. In the Northern form *mat* it is found in the ballad of the *Bent sae Brown*, st. 17:

'Then out it speaks the third of them  
(An ill death *mat* he did I):  
"We'll look among the bent sae brown,  
That Willie we may see."

Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, IV, vii, 47:

'Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,  
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,  
Ne ought *mote* make him change his wonted tenor,  
Ne ought *mote* ease or mitigate his paine,  
He left him there in languor to remaine.'

In this exact phrase, expressing a wish, it is very common in old writers. Chaucer, *Troilus and Cryseyde*, i, st. 20: 'As (=so) *mote* I thyyve.'

127. *Addressed*—prepared, got ready.
129. *Living corse*—although alive, William was as if dead; but in Old English *corse* (or *corpse*) does not necessarily mean dead body, but body in general; Latin *corpus*. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I, x, 26:
- 'In ashes and in sackcloth he did array  
His dainty *corse*.'
140. *Gramarye*—magical art, so called from Latin *grammatica*, or the art of grammar, from the written spells which played so large a part in incantations. It is also called the black art (German *schwarzkunst*) or necromancy (Greek, prophecy by conjuring up the dead). When the meaning of the first part of the latter word was in the Middle Ages, through the general neglect of the Greek language, forgotten, it was spelt *negromancy* or *nygromancy*, as if from Latin *niger*, black.
146. *Train*—mislead, lead astray from the right path. Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, III, ii: '*Train* me not with thy note, to drown me.'
152. *Lurcher*—a kind of dog used in hunting. The word is now used always with a notion of contempt, as here. Cf. *Ridgaullet*, ch. vii: 'A *lurcher* which attended him, and which was as lean and ragged and mischievous as his master.'
155. Flowing water had in all ages been held to be a disperser of



- magic forces. After evil dreams the ancients were wont to wash in a fountain or stream. Cf. *Æschylus, Persians*, 201: 'When I woke and washed my hands in a fair flowing fountain.' Burns, *Tam o' Shanter*: 'A running stream they [the witches] dare na cross.'
157. *Vilde*—to rhyme with *child*, for *vile*, but the form is found in old writers. 'In Shakespeare it is almost as often spelt *vild*, or *vil'd*, or *vilde* in old editions'—A. Schmidt, *Shakespeare Lexicon*, s.v.; so in Spenser. Perhaps the spelling arose from a mistaken notion that it was a participle like *defiled*.
175. *Grisly*—awful, inspiring fear; Anglo-Saxon *agrysan*, to be terrified.
184. The last *nigher* has to be pronounced as one syllable to rhyme with *fire*.
188. *Wildered*—wandered, strayed.
206. *Quelled*—caused to cease. The Anglo-Saxon *cwelan* means to kill.
210. *Fro*—for *from*, to rhyme with *bow*, but is an old form.
216. *Barret-cap*—from French *barrette*, cap; Italian *berretta*, same meaning.
250. *Gramercy*—contraction for *grandmerci* (French), many thanks.
256. *To*—pledged against.
270. *Tire*—head-dress.
272. *Bandelier*—a leather pouch in which powder, tinder, etc., for the musket were carried; French *bandoulière*, a shoulder-belt. In *A Legend of Montrose*, ch. ii, describing Dugald Dalgetty, Scott says: 'A shoulder-belt at his back sustained a musketoon or blunderbuss, and was crossed by a *bandelier* containing his charges of ammunition.'
273. *Hackbuter*—soldier who carried a hackbut or hagbut, a kind of musket. The Old French *hargue bust* is derived, according to Diez, from the Low Dutch *haakbus*, German *hakenbüchse*, a large musket fastened by a hook (*haken*) to a stand. The older fire-arms could not be steadily held without the support of a kind of crutch.
296. This so-called cure by sympathy was believed in even at the beginning of the seventeenth century.
322. *Ken*—view.
336. *Cresset*—an open iron vessel to contain pitch and other combustible.
340. *Frozen*—probably because the ice would in the comparison take the place of the glittering helmets and armour.
341. *Seneschal*—the steward of the household; Low Latin *seniscalcus*, which is the German *sini*, old, and *scalh*, servant.
345. *Bale*—beacon; Anglo-Saxon *ball*, a burning; Old Norse *ball*, funeral pile, often in the compound *balefire* (Anglo-Saxon *ballfir*). There was a regular succession of those beacons to warn the Borders in case of an English invasion.

346. *Friesthaughswire*—the last part of the word is from Anglo-Saxon *swira*, the neck, applied to an elevated portion of land, or rather the descent from it.
374. *Nead-fire*—beacon for summoning assistance hastily; German *nachseuer*.
385. *Tarn*—a small lake in the mountains, a word peculiar to the north of England and Scotland; Icelandic *ljörn*, a lake.
386. *Earn*—eagle; Anglo-Saxon same, German *ear*, Icelandic *örn*.
390. With the whole of this stanza descriptive of the lighting of the beacons, there should be read the similar descriptions in Æschylus's *Agamemnon* and Macaulay's *Armada*.
392. *Bouns*—get themselves ready; Icelandic *búa*, prepare. In the *Battle of Otterbourne* the imperfect is used:

‘It fell about the Lammas tide,  
When the mairmen win their hay,  
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride  
Into England, to drive a prey.’

396. *Larum* or *alarum*—from the cry *aux armes*; in Old French *a les armes*, or *aux armes*.
397. *Frequent*—note the use of the adjective for adverb. Note also the inversion of the usual order of words—the verb coming at the beginning of the sentence. For another example see line 421, and Canto IV, line 125; and *Lord of the Isles*, canto i, st. 25: ‘*Answered the warder*,’ and ii, 13: ‘*Fled the fiery De la Haye*.’ It is only intransitive verbs that can come in this position.
416. *Black mail*—money paid to freebooters to ensure immunity from their attacks. In the fifteenth chapter of *Waverley* the following account of it is given in answer to the question, what is blackmail: ‘A sort of protection-money that Low-country gentlemen and heritors, lying near the Highlands, pay to some Highland chief that he may neither do them harm himself, nor suffer it to be done to them by others; and then if your cattle are stolen, you have only to send him word, and he will recover them; or it may be he will drive away cows from some distant place where he has a quarrel, and give them to you to make up your loss.’
418. *Agan*—so spelt to rhyme with *men*.

## CANTO IV.

20. *Dundee*. John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, fell in the battle of Killiecrankie, July 1689. Scott's novel of *Old Mortality* contains many particulars as to his early career, along with Scott's view as to his character.

28. *For*—i.e. they exchanged their dwellings for the inaccessible morasses.
35. *Dun*—dark brown. In a will of 1290 a lady bequeaths *hire betstan dunnan tunecan*. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, v, applies the epithet to smoke, and Milton uses it of 'the air' (*Paradise Lost*, iii, 69). Dr Johnson, however, seems to have felt the word as too commonplace for poetry, as in the *Rambler* (No. 168), he says it 'is seldom heard but in the stable.' Modern poetry has, nevertheless, restored the word to its ancient dignity.
44. *Barnabright*—a contraction of *Barnaby bright*. The feast of St Barnabas is held on the 11th of June, which was, by the old style, the longest day.
51. *Warden-Raid*—one proclaimed and headed by the Warden of the Marches.
52. *Yeoman*—accented on the last syllable, as, in the next line, *barbican*.
55. *Hag*—moss-ground broken up; 'broken lumps of heath, divided from each other by deep sloughs of black, tenacious mire'—*The Monastery*, ch. iii.
58. *Serf*, or bondman—one of the class of unfree cultivators of the soil, whose services passed over with the transfer of the estate (*ascripti glebe*). It was only abolished gradually by the manumission of certain classes. Colliers and workers in salt mines were the last to be freed from this state.
64. *Morion*—a light helmet.
75. *Spear*—put for *spearman*, as horse for the riders.
76. In the sixteenth century foreign mercenaries were freely employed on both sides. The composition of the English army which invaded Scotland in 1545 is thus described by Burton: 'It may be questioned if ever any other army of materials so diverse and alien has been embodied in Britain. There appears to have been in it Irish subjects of King Henry, Germans, French, Spaniards, Italians, even Greeks'—*History of Scotland*, iii, p. 240.
91. *Fastern's night*—the night preceding the first day of the Fast of Lent.
102. *Trysting-place*—place for appointing meetings; rendezvous. The first syllable is to be pronounced long.
110. In 1542 James V went out with an army to meet an invasion of the English. When in camp on Fala Moor, between Edinburghshire and Haddington, there came news of the dispersal of the English army, and King James's nobles refused to follow him in an inroad on England.
140. *Dinlay* is a mountain in Liddesdale. The comparison is *verbatim* from the *Ballad of Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead*, st. 36:

'But he's ta'en off his gude steel cap,  
And thence he's waved it in the air—

The *Dunlay* snaw was ne'er mair white  
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.'

153. *Mild of mood*—gentle in spirit; *mood*, Anglo-Saxon *mōd*, German *gemūth*. The combination is very frequent in old romances—e.g. *William of Palerne*, l 1985: 'Boldli with *milde mode*;' *Genesis and Exodus*, l 128—and reaches back to the earliest period of the language. *Beowulf*, 1229, '*mōdes milde*'
156. *Liege lord*—feudal superior, through French, from Latin *ligatus*, bound. The mediæval Latin was *ligus dominus*.
158. *Homage*—submission; the process of acknowledging one's self the man (*homo*) of a superior, who was bound to give protection in return for service.
- 1b. Signory*—lordship.
159. *Galliard*. In the ballad, *The Lads of Wamphray*, the word is used by itself

'Twixt the Girth head and the Langwood end,  
Lived the *Galliard* and the *Galliard's* men'

In the introduction to this ballad Scott remarks that 'the word is still used in Scotland to express an active, gay, dissipated character.' The Italian *gagliardo*, French *gail-lard*, mean bold, forward.

- 1b. Heriot* (from the Anglo Saxon *heregeatu*, battle gear) was at first the military equipment of a vassal, supplied to him by his lord, which after death returned to the superior. Here it is merely a form of duty paid by the vassal. Another form is *hercauld*, used in *Guy Rimering*, ch. iv, where a tenant offers a horse to the young laird, in these words 'If he likes to take him as a *hercauld*, as they ca'd it lang syne,' and on which Scott has the following note 'In the old feudal tenures the *hercauld* constituted the best horse or other animal on the vassal's lands, become the right of the superior. The only remnant of this custom is what is called the *sasine*, or a fee of a certain estimated value paid to the sheriff of the county, who gives possession to the vassals of the Crown'
- 177 *Cast*—a number of falcons thrown from the wrist into the air
- 189 *Winded*—not to be mistaken for *went*. It is from Anglo-Saxon *wendun*, to turn
238. *Crossbow*—a strong bow provided with a stock in which to lay the arrow. It was usually drawn by means of a handle turning a barrel, on which was wound a chain connected with the bowstring
249. *Plained*—lamented, French *plaindre*. So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv, 504: '(Satan) to himself thus *plained*.'
- 252 *Want*—more usually *was wont*.
256. *Weall'ing*. The termination *ling* is now used to express

contempt, as in *hireling*, *underling*, *starveling*, etc., or smallness, as *duckling*, *kidling*, *sapling*, etc.

267. *Mickle*—much. This, the Scottish form, comes directly from the Anglo-Saxon *micel*, Gothic *mikils*.

274. *Clothyrd*—an arrow as long as a yard measure. *Cherry Chase*, line 83:

'An arrow that a *clothyrd* was lang  
To the hard steel haled he.'

277. *Imp*—here used in the sense of a demon, but originally it meant no more than descendant. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, IV, xi, st. 10, thus invokes the Muse:

'Helpe, therefore, O' thou sacred *imp* of Jove,  
The nourling of Dame Memorie his deare.'

But Shakespeare seems to have found the word ludicrous, as, though using it in the sense of descendant only, he puts it into the mouths of comic characters exclusively.

291. *Almayn*—native of Germany. The name is derived from the tribe of the Alamanni, hence the French *Allemand*.

*Ib.* *Kettle-drum*—a kind of drum with only one end; German *kesseltrommel*, Netherland *keteltrom*. In *Old Mortality*, ch. vi, Scott speaks of the 'boom of the kettle-drum.'

292. *Sheen*—brightness, glitter.

303. *Billmen*—armed with axes mounted on poles.

305. *Kirtles*—coats hanging down to the knees.

307. When Richard Cœur-de-Lion besieged Acre, one of the ancestors distinguished himself so greatly that he acquired the surname of D'Acre.

319. *Levin-darting*—throwing forth lightning. *Levin*, for *lightning*, is a very old word, common in the older writers; it is used also in ballads—e.g. *The Demon Lover*, st. 30:

'The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,  
And the *leuin* fill'd her e'e.'

320. *Fronced*—edged with plaited ruffs; French *froncer*, Old French *fronce*, a fold.

321. *Morsing-horns*—powder-flasks.

322. *Better*—right. See line 362.

325. *Teutonic*—German.

330. *Glaive*—sword; through French *glaive*, from Latin *gladius*.

344. *Bartisan*—projecting part of the defences; but used generally for *battlement*, as in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, ch. viii: 'He wended his way to the *bartisan* or battlements of the tower.'

345. *Partisan*—'A broad-bladed spear-head issuing from a crescent at the end of a staff'—Meyrick's *Ancient Armour*. French *pertuisane*, Italian *partigiana*, from *partisan*, the leader of

- a small party or company; hence the weapon with which such a troop was armed.
348. *Falcon and culver*—pieces of ordnance. The latter is usually written *culverin*, and derives its name from the castings of snakes on it; Latin *coluber*, a snake.
352. *Witch's cauldron*—the vessel in which witches were supposed to prepare their magic ingredients. See *Macbeth*.
365. The glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the Borderers. In the Middle Ages the glove was generally used in giving pledges, defiance, etc.
373. *Guise*—fashion, array; the same word as *wise*, but modified by passage through the French.
377. *Reads*—advises; often spelt *redes* to distinguish it from *read*.
16. *Swiðh*—quick, speedy; Anglo-Saxon *swið*, strong; German *ge-swird*, quickly. *Sir Tristrem*, i, 15:

‘After that mickle honour  
Parting came their *swiðhe*.’

387. *Pursuivant-at-arms*—a state messenger, an attendant on the heralds. Shakespeare, *Richard III*, V, iii: ‘Send out a *pursuivant-at-arms*.’
394. *Argent*—silver; a term in heraldry.
400. *Irks*—troubles. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, IV, vii, 15: ‘But what it was it *irks* me to reherse.’
407. *Flemens-firth*—a refuge for fugitives. *Flemens*, from Anglo-Saxon *fledmīng*, an exile, which is from the same root as *flee*; *frith*, originally an enclosed space, Anglo-Saxon *frith*, also signifying peace (Anglo-Saxon *frithūs*, an asylum), not uncommon in Scottish ballads. Cf. the *Song of the Outlaw Murray*, st. 25:

‘He’ll hang thy merry men, pair by pair,  
In ony *frith* where he may them find.’

412. *Harried*—plundered; Anglo-Saxon *hergian*, from *here*, a (hostile) army.
418. *Warrison*—note to warn the besieged of the coming assault, from the root of *wary*. The word *garrison* in the next line is from the same stem, the *g* being due to French influence. From the Teutonic language the French borrowed the word *warn* (Old High German *warnōn*), but represented the *w* by *gu*, hence *guarnir*.
426. *Cher*—countenance, and also state of feeling. In this last sense equivalent to *mood*, as in the *Cursor Mundi*, xxiv, 490:

‘Mi hert began to rise and light,  
And my *cher* to amend.’

where the two other manuscripts give *mode*.

434. *Emprise*—adventure, enterprise. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, V, iv, 2:

'Therefore whylome to knyghts of great *emprise*  
The charge of Justice gyven was in trust.'

443. In 1544 an English invading force was defeated at Ancrum Moor.  
446. *Dubbed*—receive the accolade or stroke on the shoulder with the flat of a sword; Icelandic *dubba*, to strike, Anglo-Saxon *dubban*. *Saxon Chronicle*, 1085: '(William) *dubbade his sunn Henrie to ridere*' =dubbed his son Henry a rider (knight).  
453. *Lyke-wake*—the watch kept over a corpse before the funeral; Anglo-Saxon *lic*, the body.  
458. *Pensils*—streamers; Latin *pensilis*, from *pendere*, to hang.  
466. *Gray goose*—the feather used to steady the flight of the arrow.  
469. *March*—here boundary; Anglo-Saxon *marc*.  
475. *Weapon-schau*, or *wappen-schau*, was the occasion 'when the feudal array of the county was called out, and each Crown vassal was required to appear with such muster of men and armour as he was bound to make by his fief, and that under high statutory penalties'—*Old Mortality*, ch. ii.  
489. *Brook*—endure, suffer.  
498. *Harquebuss*—'A short but heavy fire-arm which preceded the musket, and carried a ball of about three ounces. The stock of it greatly resembled that of a cross-bow'—Meyrick, *Ancient Armour*. For derivation see note on Canto III, 273.  
505. *Blanche lion*—the badge of the Howards. In *Rede Me and Be Not Wrothe*, p. 20, Arber's reprint, Cardinal Wolsey is described as 'mortall enemy unto the whyte lion.'  
509. *Certes*—assuredly.  
541. After this line in the later editions there is inserted the line:  
'In peaceful march like men unarmed.'  
554. *Lists*—the enclosure within which jousts and combats were held. The word is common to the Romance languages; Italian *lizza*, French *lue*, etc.  
555. *Lawn*—open space between trees.  
567. *When as*—to be taken as one word, an-obsolete form of the conjunction used by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ix, 192:

'Now, *whenas* sacred light began to dawn  
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed  
The morning incense, when all things that breathe  
From the earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, . . . came forth the human pair.'

The words *where*, *there*, *then*, etc., were also anciently strengthened by this addition.

569. A 'noted ballad-maker and brawler,' long famed in Border story as Rattling Roaring Willie, slew an antagonist who dwelt on the Rule Water in Roxburghshire, and was executed at Jedburgh. Allan Cunningham wrote a ballad on the subject largely founded on this passage.

598. *Jealousy of song*—i.e. my minstrel jealousy, not my jealousy of the song of others.
616. *Hearse*. In modern usage this signifies the carriage in which the dead are conveyed to interment; formerly, as here, it meant the tomb and monument itself.

## CANTO V.

27. An allusion to the wild hunt (German *wildejagd*, *wiltshendes heer*) supposed to career through the air in the night. Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 766.
29. *Crownlet*—diminutive of *croton*. *Crownlet* is used in the same sense by Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, V, ii: 'Crowns and crownlets.'
32. *Thanedom*. The thane (Anglo-Saxon *þegn*) was originally a warrior bound to the service of the king, and holding a certain portion of land. In Scotland this dignity long survived, though under a very different form. There they seem to have been officials appointed by the Crown for the government of certain districts. Its continued use in modern English to express a feudal dignity is due to its frequent employment in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.
49. *Vails*—it is of no use; French *valoir*; usually *avails*. Chaucer's *Parson's Tale*: 'What contrition *availeth* to the soule.'
50. Note the omission of the relative *that*.
54. The seven sons of Sir David Home of Wedderburn.
58. Thomas, Duke of Clarence, was overthrown by Sir John Swinton at the battle of Beaugé.
59. *List*—care I to say. This verb was formerly used impersonally, 'it lists me not.'
71. *Ta'en*—appointed, agreed upon.
90. *Were*—the true subjunctive, *it would be*.
97. *Sate them*. The use of an objective after the intransitive *sit* is confined to poetry and the ancient language. *Gen.* xxi, 16: 'She went and *sat* her down;' Byron, *Maseppa*, iii: 'Each *sat* him down.'
101. *Mailed*—the outsides of the leather gloves were protected by small plates of steel.
110. *Football* was long a popular sport on the Borders. In 1815 Scott wrote a song for a great football match on Carterhaugh, in which the following stanza occurs:

'Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,  
And if by mischance you should happen to fall,  
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather;  
And life is itself but a game at football.'



119. *Whingers*—small knives worn at the belt, used for cutting meat.  
 126. *Sunk*. The regular past of the verb *sink* is *sank*, but it is rarely used except in poetry; Anglo-Saxon *sincan*, *sanc*, plur. *suncon*.  
 128. *Wassel*—revelry, from the Old English exclamation *waes hael* (be [thou] healthy), to which the usual answer was *drinc hael*. See *Ivanhoe*, ch. xvi.  
 135. *Beaker*—drinking-cup; Italian *bicchiere*, German *becher*, Latin *bacar*, a wine-cup.  
 154. *Against*—to prepare for. *Against*, used temporally, signifies to meet; hence it is used as simply *about*. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I, i:

‘Some say that ever *‘gainst* that season comes  
 Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated:’

and also, as here, with the meaning *to prepare for*—*Ex.* vii, 15: ‘Stand by the river’s brink *against* he come.’

165. *By times*—usually *betimes*, early. So German *bei Zeiten*.  
 196. *For*—in despite of. Compare the *Talisman*: ‘So drowsy that, for all the dangers he was in, he could not help desiring to sleep.’  
 227. *Leave us*—a frequent phrase in the old romances. *Redgauntlet*, ch. xvii: ‘Our history must now, as the old romances wont to say, “leave to tell of the guest.”’  
 230. *Port*—a piece of music played on the bagpipes. In the notes to the *Pirate* there are quoted some verses, in which the following lines occur:

‘You minstrel man, play me a *porte*,  
 That I on the floor may prove a man.’

237. *Banded*—exchanged rapidly, tossed to and fro; a term borrowed from ball-play.  
 248. *From top to toe*. In Norman-French phrase, armed *cap-d-pie*.  
 259. *Doublet*—the upper garment, made with sleeves; above it was worn sometimes a short cloak.  
 260. *Slashed*—cut lengthwise so as to show the lining underneath.  
 261. *Tawny*—yellow, the natural colour of the leather.  
 262. *Poland*. The furs of Russia and Poland, where they are much used, were much esteemed.  
 264. *Bilboa*, properly Bilbao, a town in Spain, capital of a province formerly noted for its steel manufactures. In Old English *bilbo*, by itself, is used for a sword. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, v: ‘Like a good *bilbo*.’  
 270. *Foot-cloth*—also called sumpter-cloth, the housings of a riding-horse.  
 271. *Wimple*. The wimple, as distinguished from the veil, was a covering for the back of the head, and hanging some length

- down. Anglo-Saxon *winnfel*, which is glossed as *velamen*, a wrapping garment. It was especially a covering for a nun.
280. She was cognisant of Lord Cranstoun's design to present himself as the champion, and in the armour of William of Deloraine.
293. *Sun and wind*. In all directions for the holding of tournaments or single combats these points are carefully provided for.
295. *King and queen and wardens' name*. Note the omission of the *s* of the possessive in the first two words. So Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv, st. 28:
- ‘And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare’s art,  
Had stamp’d her image in me.’
301. *Alternate Heralds*. The heralds spoke alternately, in turn; the adjective here used agreeing with the substantive, in place of the adverb qualifying the verb.
302. In Shakespeare’s *Richard II*, I, iii, there can be read similar defiance from the mouths of Bolingbroke and Mowbray, who are about to engage in single combat.
305. *Scathe*—injury.
311. *Strain*—descent. *Bridal of Triermain*:
- ‘Where is the maiden of mortal strain  
That may match with the Baron of Triermain!’
313. *Coat*—coat of arms; ever did anything that would disgrace his badge.
330. *Either*. This use of *either* in the sense of *both*, though common, is not quite correct.
334. *Claymore*—Highland broadsword; Gaelic ‘great sword.’
344. *Gorget*—armour for protecting the neck; French *gorge*, the neck.
346. *Bootless*—useless; Anglo-Saxon *bōt*, help.
350. *Friar*—to be pronounced in two syllables.
364. *Ghostly*—spiritual, now antiquated in this sense, but frequent in Shakespeare and the older writers.
371. *Beaver*—properly the part of the helmet covering the mouth and chin, and so distinguished from *visor*, but it is sometimes used indifferently for *visor*, and often simply for *helmet* (part for whole).
373. *Gratulating*—uncompounded form for *congratulating*.
379. *Ghostly*—with same derivation as *ghostly* (line 364); Anglo-Saxon *gāst*, spirit, but as object of horror; *gāstlic*, spiritual.
381. *At a bound*. This use of *at*, common in phrases like *at a glance*, was formerly used more extensively in phrases like *at a word* (=shortly), *at wordes fewe*, etc.
383. *As*—as if.
388. *And*—used at the beginning of questions to express surprise

or doubt; as Shakespeare, *Richard II*, IV, i, 309: 'And shall I have?' See Canto IV, 492.

398. *Deign'd*—usually has *to* before the following infinitive; as Chaucer, *The Monk's Tale*, 144: 'For with no .venym *deigned* him to die.'

400. *Lits*. See note on l. 59.

423. All—equivalent to *just*, an archaic usage. Spenser's verses before the *Shepherd's Calendar*:

'A shepheard's swaine, saye did thee sing,  
All as his straying flocke he fedde.'

433. Note the inversion of subject and verb.

456. *Wraith*—an apparition of a living person supposed to become visible shortly before death.

459. *What hap*—what accident had befallen.

481. *Mark*—the name of a piece of money whose value differed greatly in different countries. The English mark was worth 13s. 4d.; the Scotch mark was 1s. 1½d.; the present German mark is worth 1s. The singular in this usage is idiomatic. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii, 933: 'Ten thousand fathom deep.' *Layamon*, i, 14: 'Fifteen yer ald.'

482. *Long of*—owing to; more commonly *along of*. This, though now considered a vulgarity, is frequently used by Shakespeare, e.g. *Coriolanus*, V, iv: 'All this is *long of* you;' used with a sense of its colloquial nature by Scott in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, ch. xxiv, end: 'I knew it would come to this, and all *along of* the accursed gold.'

490. *Snaffle*, etc. This phrase, as the motto of the northern counties, expressing their readiness to mount and away on predatory excursions, is borrowed from Michael Drayton's topographical poem entitled *Polyolbion*, song xiii:

'The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,  
Have for their blazon had, the *snaffle*, *spur*, and *spear*.'

*Ib*. *Snaffle*—a bridle passing over the nose.

491. *Gear*—here plunder; usually in Scotch, wealth.

499. *Bowning*—hastening. See note on Canto III, 392.

506. *Stole*—a priest's upper garment, through Latin from the Greek *stola*, dress.

507. *Requiem*—accusative of Latin *requies*, rest; from the verse sung at the end of the psalms in the Latin office for the dead: *Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine* (give him everlasting rest).

523. *Stave*—verse; the same word as *staff*, with varying spelling. Anglo-Saxon *stæf*.

## CANTO VI.

11. *Pelf*—always used with contempt; Old French *palfre*, plunder.  
 54. *Ouches*—gold ornaments; an obsolete word used several times in the translation of the Bible (see *Exod.* xxxix). Shakespeare, *2 Henry IV.*: 'Brooches, pearls, and *ouches*.' Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I, x, 31:

'And on her head she wore a tyre of gold  
 Adorn'd with gemmes and *ouches* wondrous fayre;'

and III, iv, 23:

'Gold, amber, ivory, pearls, *ouches*, rings.'

The earliest form of the word is *nowche*. *Promptorium Parvulorum*, Chaucer, and *Paston Letters*, ii, 33: 'An *nowche* of gold with a gret poynted diamant.'

56. *Miniver*. Randle Cotgrave thus defines it: '*Menu vair*—miniver, the fur of ermins mixed or spotted with the fur of the weasel called gris.'  
 78. *Guarded*—bordered. Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.*: 'A long motley coat *guarded* with yellow.'  
 79. *Merlin*—a small falcon or sparrow-hawk, formerly spelt *marlin* and *merlyone*. Chaucer, *The Assembly of Fowls*, 339:

'The *merlyon* that peyneth  
 Hymself ful ofte the lark for to seak.'

Ultimately from Latin *merula*, a blackbird. Both hawks and hounds were actually brought into churches.

88. *Share*—here in its primitive signification to divide among others.  
 89. *Heron-shew*—the latter part is no independent word, but merely the termination (dim.) of Norman-French *heronceau*, from Old High German *heigir*.  
 90. The peacock dressed in its feathers was a favourite ornamental dish at ancient banquets.  
 91. The boar's head similarly was introduced on occasions of great ceremony, notably at Christmas.  
 93. *Pharmigan*—of Gaelic derivation. The *p* is silent and superfluous.  
 98. *Shalm*—a kind of musical (wind) instrument, sometimes spelt *shavem* or *schalmuse* (*Promptorium Parvulorum*). German *schalmey* comes through French *chalumeau*, from Latin *calamus*, a reed. Chaucer, *The House of Fame*, iii, 128:

'They maden loude menstrialies  
 In corne muse and *shalmes*.'

Tennyson has revived the word in *The Dying Swan*:

'As when a mighty people rejoice  
 With *shawms*, and with cymbals and harps of gold.'

109. *Sewers*—attendants at meat, probably from the word *sewe*, a dish, used by Chaucer in the *Squire's Tale*, 59:

'I wol nat tellen of her straunge *sewers*,  
Ne of her (their) *swannes*, ne here herounsewes.'

Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ix, 38:

'Marshall'd feast  
Served up in hall by *sewers* and *seneschals*'

123. *Saye*—word, assertion.

132. *Lyme-dog*—a bloodhound held in a leash. There are two other forms of the word, *limer* and *lim*, all from Old French *liemier*, which in its turn comes from Latin *ligamen*, a leash.

139. *Buttery*—storeroom whence provisions are issued.

142. *Selle*—seat (French, meaning also saddle, in which sense also Scott uses it).

155. *Cleuch*—a hollow between precipitous banks. Cf *Redgauntlet*, ch. iv: 'At length our course was crossed by a deep dell or dingle, such as they call in some parts of Scotland a den, and in others a *cleugh* or narrow glen.' This is in allusion to the traditional derivation of the name *Buccleuch*. It is related that the founder of the family, while hunting with one of the early kings of Scotland, carried the stag which he had overtaken on foot a mile up a steep hill, and presented it to the king.

157. *Remember'd him*—an obsolete construction. Chaucer's *Parson's Tale*: 'He *remembre him* of his synnes'

176. *Darling*—here an adjective, but usually employed, chiefly in poetry, as an adverb.

192. This recurring line, called the burden, is borrowed from an old Scottish song.

195. *Blithely*—gladly, cheerfully; Anglo-Saxon *blithlice*, from *blīðe*, glad, Gothic *bleips*, kind

224. *Port*—bearing, demeanour

225. Many foreign forms of verse were introduced into English in the beginning of the sixteenth century, chiefly from Italian models, Petrarch, etc.

*Ib.* *Roundelay*, or *roundel*, 'is a short poem of not more than three staves. It admits only two rhymes, and repeats the whole or part of the opening couplet as a burthen. From these repetitions it takes its name—Guest, *History of English Rhythms*.

238. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born in 1514, was the son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. He was brought up at Windsor along with the Duke of Richmond, a son of Henry VII. With his companion he visited Oxford, and two years afterwards France, where he was present at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The Geraldine of line 244 was probably the Lady Elizabeth Gerald, daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl

of Kildare. It was on his travels on the Continent that he is said to have availed himself of magical aid to obtain a sight of his lady. There is, however, reason to believe that the romantic tale is due to the lively imagination of the dramatic writer, Tom Nash. At Florence he is also said to have issued a general challenge to whoever should not acknowledge the superiority of his lady's charms. In the tournament which succeeded, Surrey was victorious. It was during his residence in Italy that he acquired the knowledge of the artistic forms of verse which he was to transplant so successfully to England. After being engaged in military employments in Scotland and France, he fell under the suspicions of Henry VIII, and, in 1546, was committed, along with his father, to the Tower, and was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 19th January of the following year. His poems appeared in print in 1557 in the collection known as *Tottel's Miscellany*, '*Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the ryght honorable Lord Henry Haward, late Earle of Surrey, and other,' and number in all forty.

260. Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, born at Cologne in 1486, lectured at several schools on works of mystical philosophy, and wrote himself in 1510 a work entitled *De Occulta Philosophia*. His advocacy of the new learning awoke the hatred of the monks, which pursued him all his life. He was employed on several diplomatic missions by the Emperor Maximilian. His most celebrated work is that entitled *De Vanitate Scientiarum*, a satire on the prevailing learning of the age. He died in 1535.

263. *Hight*—promised.

271. *Talisman*—like many words connected with astrology, from the Arabic; a charm.

272. *Almagest* is the Arabic corruption of the Greek title of an astronomical work by Ptolemy, *The Great Construction*, i.e. of the heavens (*μεγάλη σύνταξις*). Chaucer enumerates among a scholar's books: 'His *almagest* and bookes gret and small;' and again:

'Of alle men iblessed most he be  
The wise astrologe daun Ptholomé,  
That saith this proverb in his *almagest*;  
Of alle men his wisdom is highest  
That rekkeeth not who hath the world in honde.'

282. *Agra*, in India, the capital of a district of the same name.

289. *Eburnine*—of ebony; Latin *ebur*.

311. *Orcades*, or Orkney Islands.

312. *Erst*—of old time, formerly; Anglo-Saxon *ærest*, first of all.

317. *Odin*—the chief god among the Germanic nations; Norse *Óðinn*, Anglo-Saxon *Woden*, Old High German *Wuotan*. He was thought of as riding through the air and over the sea. Cf. Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, ch. vii, p. 123.

326. These adventurers were called in the Norse language *vikingr*, warriors. Another derivation leads it not from Old Norse *vík*, battle, but from *vík*, a small bay; German *wick*; and hence *vikingr* would mean one who haunts these places. In no case has the latter part of the word anything to do with *king*.
327. A Norse name for a warrior is feeder of the raven (*hrafnæðir*).
328. *Kings of the main*—Norse *sækonungar*.
329. *Dragons*. A famous warship built by Olaf Tryggvesson was called the Long Serpent.
331. *Scald*—Norse *skjaldr*, a poet. —
332. *Runes* (Anglo-Saxon *rūn*) were alphabetic signs used by the ancient Germanic nations for inscriptions on rocks, pillars, rings, drinking-horns, and also for magical formulæ. Their use gradually went out after the introduction of the Latin letters by the missionaries. The word also signifies a secret.
335. *Saga* is the name of the narrative poems of the Norsemen; from the same root as our *say*.
336. In the eleventh century Bishop Saemund Sigfusson, called the Wise (*hinn fróði*), collected in Iceland those metrical lays concerning the northern mythology, now known as the *Edda*.
16. *Sea-Snake*—known in Old Norse as *íðrmunganör* (earth-wolf) or *mǫðgarðsormr* (middle-earth's worm), slain by Thor in the twilight of the gods (*ragnarök*).
338. The choosers of the slain, *valkyrjur*, servants of Odin, sent out by him in the battle to direct its fortunes, and lead the fallen heroes to Valhalla. They were also called maids of battle (*valmeyjar*).
340. A description of the treasures found in the tomb of a hero, ransacked by Beowulf, may be read in lines 2756-2771 of the poem of that name.
358. *Ravensheuch*—a now ruined castle on the Firth of Forth, between Kirkcaldy and Dysart.
361. *Inch*—a small island, Gaelic.
372. *Ring*—a feat of dexterity, consisting in picking up a ring with the point of a lance at full gallop.
392. *Pinnet*—an architectural term, the same as *pinnacle*.
393. *Rose-carved*—the rose is a frequent ornament in the chapel of Roslin, from a fancied connection of the name and the flower. The chapel was founded in 1446 by William St Clair, Prince of Orkney.
395. The belief that before the death of any of the family the chapel appeared to be on fire is probably derived from the fact that it was the custom among the northern nations in the earliest time to burn their dead.
429. *Levin-brand*. See note on Canto IV, 319.
455. In a ruined church at Peeltown, in the Isle of Man, it was reported that a soldier, who had dared to challenge a spectre

which appeared in the form of a large black spaniel, died in the extremest agony without being able to relate what had happened to him.

468. *Plight*—vow; Anglo-Saxon *pliht* means a pledge, stake.  
 482. *Weal*—safety, happiness (Anglo-Saxon *wela*), very common in the alliterative formula *woe or weal*.  
 499. *Uncath*—with difficulty, hardly; from Anglo-Saxon *eððe*, easy. Even in the Elizabethan age it was obsolete, though it is frequently used by Spenser, e.g. *Fiaccie Queens*, III, v, 17:

'Within that wood there was a covert glade  
Foreby a narrow foord to them well knowne,  
Through which it was *meeth* for wight to wade,  
And now by fortune it was overflowne.'

515. *Scapular*, or *scapulary* (French *scapulaire*), is a part of a priest's vestments covering the breast and shoulders; Latin *scapula*, the shoulder-blade.
519. *Host*—the consecrated bread used in the communion of the sacrament; Latin *hostia*, a sacrifice.
532. *Office close*—the close of the function. Words ending in a sibilant sound often do not take the *s* of the possessive, especially in poetry. Cf. Byron, *Marino Faliero*, I, ii:

'*Her. F.* 'Tis not well  
In Venice' duke to say so.  
*Doge.* Venice' duke!  
Who now is duke in Venice?'

536. This hymn, or sequence, the most famous of all that the mediæval Church produced, was written probably by an Italian Franciscan, Thomas de Celano, in the thirteenth century. The closing line of the stanza, omitted by Scott, is '*Testis David cum Sibylla*' (David and the Sibyl say). This hymn is also introduced by Goethe in the cathedral scene in *Faust*, first part, published in 1790.
546. *Parched scroll*. The image is borrowed from *Isa.* xxxiv, 4: 'And the heavens shall be rolled together as a *scroll*;' or *Rev.* vi, 14: 'And the heavens departed as a *scroll* when it is rolled together.'
6. *Circumstance*—pomp, ceremony, used in this sense by Shakespeare, *Othello*, III, iii:

‘All quality,  
Pride, pomp, and *circumstance* of glorious war.’











